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TOM AND TOM TIT

AND OTHER

STORIES ABOUT SCHOOLS

BY

C. W. BARDEEN

Editor of the School Bulletin

SYRACUSE, N. Y.
C. W. BARDEEN, PUBLISHER
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Tom and Tom Tit

TOM AND TOM TIT

I

"Here, here, Halsey, this won't do. It's against orders for you to be in your office at half-past five."

"Caught in the act, or the Red-handed Robber of Reedsboro. Well, Dr. Sherlock Holmes, it doesn't happen often, but I have been going over the balance sheets of the Cogswell mill, and I believe I shall close it up."

"Losing money?"

"No, but it isn't making any, or gaining."

"Then keep it running."

"That isn't good business."

"It is good sense. There are men and

women in that mill who began work there as boys and girls and don't know how to do anything else. What would Tim Ireland do if you shut up the Cogswell?"

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a pauper. I hadn't thought of him."

"Do you know Tim's wife?"

"I have seen her; tidy little body."

"She is more than that. You never paid Tim more than two dollars a day, and out of that she has kept as neat a house as there is in the village and brought up four children with manners that would honor a college president. More than once when I have been disgusted at some self-made aristocrat's ostentation I have gone to the Irelands for supper and eaten bread and milk there in the comfort of being surrounded by gentlefolk."

"The children must be growing up."

"Nan is in the Oneonta normal, and poor little hump-backed Theodore is nearly ready for college."

"For college? and his father earning two dollars a day?"

"His mother has always saved a share of the two dollars, and it has been the wish of her heart to give Theodore an extra education to make up for his physical deformity."

"Brave little woman. O well, we'll keep the Cogswell running, of course; and say, doctor, just let me take care of Theodore's college bills. Or rather let me in with you on them: I know you are mixed up in that college scandal, you deep-dyed old schemer."

"All right, we'll talk that over later.

I'm glad I hapened in to prevent your closing the Cogswell."

"Doctor, I used to have a shabby hope that some time I might think of one or two of these things myself without waiting for you to suggest them. You're a good deal busier man than I am now, yet I should never have reflected what closing the Cogswell would mean to Tim Ireland."

"You don't know the family as I do. I have had one sneaking ambition myself, some time to ask you to do a thing generous enough to satisfy you, so that you wouldn't go on and do so much more. I felt like a peanut politician for asking so little. But I came in to get you to go down to the station to meet the new principal."

"Very glad to sample him. Which station?"

"He did not say whether he should

come by the Central or West Shore."

"Probably he did not know so small a village had two stations. He would naturally take the Central from New York."

"I should think so. Let's go down there, any way. I want to see what he looks like. I hope he has red blood in his veins."

"O Mr. Appleton knows what we want here; no doubt he's all right."

II

"The train is just drawing in. I wonder if that is he getting off the middle car."

"The saints forbid! That fellow couldn't say boo to a goose."

"Still I'll bet he's the man. Excuse me, is this Mr. Davis?"

"At your service, gentlemen."

"I am Doctor Breeze, and this is Mr. Halsey."

"It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance, gentlemen. If I may presume to think you came down to welcome me to my new field——"

"That's it exactly. We want you to feel at home from the start."

"You make it certain I shall. I suppose I ought to inquire about a boarding-place."

"I should advise you to go to the hotel for a few days, till you can get your bearings; so much depends on the choice of a boarding-house."

"I fear my means will not permit extended stay at an inn. If some good old lady would take me in for the present I presume I could make satisfactory permanent arrangements."

"If you're going to do much work it doesn't pay to scrimp on grub. We mean

to pay enough here to warrant a man in getting three good meals a day."

"You are very kind. But I have usually found some worthy woman whose means are limited and to whom it is of no little assistance to have liberal recompense from an unobjectionable boarder."

"The widow Farrington would be glad to board you. Shall we take him there, Halsey?"

"The widow Farrington is worthy and she needs the money. But she is on the oat meal type herself and will try to reduce you to it. However, you may as well start there."

"What do you think of our school house there, Mr. Davis?"

"An admirable building, apparently. Is that modest edifice opposite the Church of the Heavenly Rest, Doctor Breeze?"

"Yes; how did you know?"

"Some question I asked was answered on a post card with a picture of the church on the back. I suppose we haven't time to stop and enter it?"

"Hardly: besides there is nothing remarkable about it. But we must get you to your boarding-place because there is a reception for you at 8."

"How thoughtful. Will somebody call for me?"

"Yes, we will both come for you at 7:45. Afterward we will take you around to our club. We have a very good billiard room, and there are two or three card tables going every night. We must put you up as a member."

"Thank you very much, gentlemen, but I must confess I am not a club man. I do not play cards or billiards, and while

tobacco smoke does not make me ill I do not enjoy it."

"You know what Talleyrand exclaimed to someone who did not play whist, 'What a dreary old age you are laying up for yourself'?"

"It would be a dreary old age for me if I had to spend it at the card-table, Mr. Halsey."

"At any rate you will want to join the golf club?"

"No, Doctor Breeze, I have never played golf. In fact I do not play any games."

"What do you do with your spare time?"

"I never have any spare time, Doctor Breeze; I never see the day when I do not have to dismiss reluctantly the things I can not crowd into the twenty-four hours."

"You know the old metaphor of the bow that is always bent?"

"Yes, Mr. Halsey, but I don't seem to be constrained. They are things I enjoy doing."

"I am afraid you are too good for this world, Mr. Davis. We are a hustling lot of folks here, and if you are so different from the rest of us you will be at a disadvantage. To be quite frank with you, I don't believe you are going to suit us. Mr. Halsey here and I will pay you a month's salary if you will give up your contract and take the train back to New York to-night. That seems abrupt but we mean it kindly. You won't get on here, and it is better to retire than to fail."

"Yes, we won't mind paying you three months' salary, if the check has to be sent some distance."

"Gentlemen, I believe you do mean kindly, as you say, and I thank you. But

I did not accept the appointment without weighing the conditions here and I think it would be unjust both to you and to me to run away before the battle began. With all my limitations I expect with God's help to succeed, and I must insist upon my legal right to make the attempt."

"That settles it. We've made a bargain, and if you hold us to it we shall stand by it. Forget what we have just said. You may depend upon Mr. Halsey and me to back you."

"Thank you, Dr. Breeze; I appreciate that the more because of your frankness. I look to see things turn out better than you hope."

"All right, Mr. Davis, you shall have a square chance. This is the widow Farrington's. We will call for you at 7:45."

III

"Well, Halsey, what do you think of that?"

"Stung. Did Appleton pick out this man himself?"

"Yes, I talked with him over the phone. He said Davis was a prize."

"Then it's good bye Appleton. If he sends us such a milksop as this once it is his fault; if he should send another it would be our fault."

"I doubt if the fellow gets through a week here."

"He may; the school is in good shape now. But when the boys get on to his curves they will make his life a howling misery."

"Well, we must do our best by him. We'll introduce him as if he was born

for the place. But damn that Appleton."

IV

"Brother Gilman, shall we go down to meet our new pastor?"

"It would be a graceful courtesy, Brother Goodman. By which road does he come?"

"Probably by the West Shore: it is easier to get clergyman's half-fare tickets that way."

"We have just about time to catch the train. I hope we shall find that he is really called of God to this place."

"His piety is pronounced by every one to be exemplary."

"It was really a great relief to have Brother Jenkins resign, he was so worldly."

"Yes indeed. I made special inquiries to make sure Brother Davis did not dance or play cards or indulge in sport. He is a

scholarly as well as a devout man, and will spend in his study most of the hours not devoted to ministerial duties."

"There is the whistle of the train. We shall just catch him."

"I wonder if he is that big, broad-shouldered man coming this way?"

"I hope that is not the man. He is worldly and arrogant looking; one would question if he had been sanctified."

"It can't be any one else who got off. Excuse me, is this Brother Davis?"

"I am Thomas Davis, at your service, gentlemen."

"This is Brother Gilman. I am Brother Goodman. We are both members of your board and have come down to welcome you."

"Very kind of you, I am sure. Which is the best hotel here?"

"We had hardly expected you to go to a hotel, Brother Davis. The rates are very high. We had made provision for you to go to the widow Dryleaf's, who will board you for four dollars a week, and surround you with the atmosphere of a pious home."

"Thanks awfully, Mr. Goodman, but I am not so particular about the atmosphere that surrounds me as about the roast-beef that I surround. I work hard and I have to have good fodder. I think I will start at the hotel till I can look around. I suppose this is the right way. Is that the schoolhouse over there?"

"Yes; but look at the building opposite. That is our Church of the Heavenly Rest."

"Looks as though they took a rest before they finished it. What an ugly little abortion it is."

"Brother Davis, the congregation that built that church made many sacrifices to erect it, and they are proud of it."

"O I beg your pardon, I did not realize the personal equation. I have no doubt it is very comfortably arranged inside. What a stunning looking woman that is over there. Does she live here?"

"I am not acquainted with her."

"You ought to be; she walks like a heathen goddess. What a swing she has to her hips, almost like a panther's."

"Really, Brother Davis, do you think it is seemly to look upon a woman thus like an animal?"

"Why certainly. I should be sorry to see in a woman only an animal, but I should be more sorry not to recognize and appreciate a splendid animal when I saw

one, woman or man or horse or dog or serpent."

"But a man in your position should be careful not to seem to make the animal predominate."

"I don't know anything in my position that obligates me to be unnatural; to assume virtues I do not possess or to hide feelings which seem spontaneous and healthy."

"But we engaged you with the understanding that you were a godly man."

"Then you did not get what you bargained for. I am not a godly man; I don't want to be a godly man."

"Really, Brother Davis, your language is most extraordinary."

"Why, what does godly mean but godlike? If the Almighty had wanted me to be a god he would have made me one.

He didn't: he made me a man, and all I hope is to be man-like, manly."

"But are you not going to teach your charge to be godly?"

"Not a bit of it. Reverence God, I shall say, but remember that whatever of His attributes you possess are to be used in your sphere, which is manhood and womanhood. We don't want any little imitation gods growing up."

"Your language is shocking, Brother Davis, shocking. We have evidently been mistaken in you, and as Brother Gilman and I are a majority of the committee that employed you, we must ask you to release us from the engagement."

"Not if I know it. I came here in good faith on a written contract, and I am going to carry that contract out, and make you carry it out. I did not undertake to

please you two men. I came here to serve the people of the village, and I am going to do it. I don't believe they are all like you, and if they are I shall do my best to make them different."

"Really, Brother Davis, this is unparallelled, unprecedented."

"You never mind that. Tell me which the best hotel is, and I won't trouble you further."

"The American house is the most patronized, but the Empire house is conducted by one of our own church. We should recommend the Empire."

"Then I shall unhesitatingly go to the American. You will find me there if you have further commands for me,"

"We had intended to ask you to go to a reception this evening in honor of the new teachers."

"I shall be there, of course. Where is it held?"

"We will call for you at quarter of eight. We are responsible for you, I suppose. however much you disappoint us."

"All right; quarter of eight it is."

V

Two shamefaced couples conducted their charges to the reception, but the two new men rushed at each other.

"Why, Tom, what are you doing here?"

"Tom Tit, where on earth did you blow down from?"

"I came here as principal of the union school," replied the tall, broad-shouldered one, whom Mr. Goodman had just introduced to the hostess.

"And I as pastor of the Church of the Heavenly Rest," said the other, who had come with Dr. Breeze.

"But how is this?" asked this latter gentleman, unable to believe his ears: and then to his charge, "Aren't you Thomas Davis of the class of 1900 at Yale?"

"We are both Thomas Davis of the class of 1900 at Yale," explained the taller one. "There were two of us, so I was called Tom, and my friend there whose middle name is Titcomb was always known as Tom Tit."

"Then you are the man Mr. Appleton sent us."

"Assuredly: and you are much more like the sort of men he told me I should find on the board than those who met me at the station."

"Why, yes, the Heavenly Rest fellows got hold of you. Neither set of us knew what train our men were coming on and we mixed those babies up. And you are really the man Mr. Appleton sent us?"

"Very much at your service and glad to be here."

"I haven't felt such relief in a year. See here, Goodman, your little church has had rather a hard struggle to get along: put me down for a hundred-dollar subscription, will you? And Halsey, here, will do the same, I am sure."

"Put me down for a hundred a year as long as your new man stays. The doctor and I thought he was our new principal, and we were deeply impressed by him."

VI

"Come over with us to the club, Mr. Davis. Or, say, may I call you Tom? I am not given to being familiar, but I have taken a liking to you, and we have got to distinguish you from Tom Tit. That was an awfully lucky escape for us. We offered

Tom Tit a month's salary to give it up and go home"

"He thought you were trustees of the church?"

"Manifestly."

"And I thought the other fellows were trustees of the school. What a funny mix-up. They dismissed me without any month's salary, but I laughed at them. I'll warrant Tom Tit didn't accept?"

"No, he said he wouldn't run away before the battle."

"No, I guess not. Wait till you know Tom Tit. He is preposterous but he is genuine, all wool and a yard wide. Why, in the freshman rush after the sophs had got the cane and were going off with it, that slip of a fellow who didn't weigh a hundred and thirty somehow wormed into them, got his hands upon the cane and

hung on. He was yanked and pounded and pounced on till the blood ran down his face and he hadn't a whole garment on him, but they couldn't loosen his grip on that cane. He shamed us into forming a flying wedge and rescuing him, cane and all. He would have made Bones for that if he could have got over his oddities, and there isn't a man in the class who wouldn't swear by him."

"All the same I am glad our man is Tom and not Tom Tit. But I like the way you tell about him. This is the club."

VII

"Dr. Breeze, I want to marry your daughter: how does that strike you?"

"The first question to ask would be how it strikes her."

"I don't know. I thought it right to ask you first."

"You are more considerate than the average young man."

"Considerateness is not my long suit, but I think fathers have some rights lovers are bound to respect."

"Suppose I say no."

"That would go a long way with me, especially if you gave the reasons."

"Would it be final?"

"I couldn't promise that, sir, but I should hesitate a long while before I sought Helen against your wishes."

"It might be unreasonable prejudice."

"No, I don't think you are that kind of a man. You know Helen better than I do, and I presume you know me as a husband better than I know myself. If you say we don't fit it will set me to deep thinking."

"Well I don't say it, Tom. I say I would rather have you for a son-in-law

than any other man in the world. You have not only my consent but my cooperation. How do you think you stand with her?"

"I think she likes me."

"Does she like anybody better?"

"Tom Tit perhaps."

"Heavens, man, I would turn her out of the house before I would let her marry that sanctimonious parson."

"Easy, doctor; remember Tom Tit is my best friend. He is not sanctimonious; he does things that sanctimonious people do, but with him they are genuine. He is what you rarely see, a consecrated clergyman, devoted in every thought to his vocation."

"Well I don't want any consecrated men around me. I feel like Beatrice that if

I had a son-in-law like him I should want another for week-days."

"O Tom Tit isn't so bad, doctor, and he is improving. He has become a golf enthusiast, and actually when he foozled his approach to the ninth hole to-day his lips looked as though he whispered Damn; I know he felt it."

"That is encouraging. He may yet grow human."

"Then see what he has done for that church. People tell me it used to be so narrow."

"It was. It was made up of unusually conscientious people, who did a lot of good in the way of benevolence, but who made every member sit stiff in a high-backed chair."

"Tom Tit has broadened them. They

are really social now. Even Deacon Goodman has been seen to smile."

"Tom Tit was a fit for that church: there is no doubt of that. But you don't honestly think Helen prefers him to you?"

"I don't know; she ought to: he is ten times the man I am in every way."

"A wretched little country parson."

"Mark my words, doctor, Tom Tit will be a bishop and deserve to be. He is a profound scholar, and a moving preacher. You know Helen goes to hear him every Sunday."

"So do you, but I supposed it was because Helen did."

"That would be reason enough, but I go because Tom Tit helps me to be a better man. There is in his service a certain atmosphere of peace and quiet and repose from the petty struggles of life, and

I always come away feeling as if my ambitions were cleansed and I was striving for something a little higher."

"And you come away with Helen, I suppose."

"No, doctor, I play fair. He likes to walk home with Helen too, and unless he is detained at church I let him do it."

"In my courting days that would have been called rather more than generous."

"It doesn't seem so to me. I want Helen for my wife, but not if Tom Tit will make her a better husband. He will if he is as well adapted to her, and I want her to have a chance to find out whether he is."

"We didn't used to feel that way about it in my time, but you must do your courting in your own way. Remember I am for you to the last."

VIII

"Tom Tit, do you know why I invited you to go to walk this afternoon?"

"I hope there are forty reasons: there are eighty why I am glad to go with you."

"There are eighty for me too, old fellow, but there is one that out-weighs all the rest. Do you love Helen Breeze?"

"I expect to marry her."

"Whew! So soon? Are you engaged to her?"

"I have never spoken of love to her."

"Then where do you get the assurance that you will marry her?"

"Because I expect to marry her to you."

"But, Tom Tit, don't you love her yourself?"

"I should not feel authorized to say that. Helen Breeze is out of my sphere. She is a healthy, happy, joyous girl, born

to adorn life in the midst of luxury. The woman I marry must be prepared to share a lowly lot, to work hard, to care for those who will prove ungrateful, to devote herself to a life of service apparently unrewarded."

"The woman doesn't live who can do that more cheerfully and effectively than Helen if she loves you, Tom Tit, and I am afraid she does. I want her myself, but not if you will make her happier."

"Tom, you are the best fellow on earth. It seems to me that the man who could marry Helen and make her happy would have the one great prize of living, and might count himself blessed whatever else came to him. But you are the man, not I."

"Helen must choose. We will both do

our best to win her, and she will know which of us is the man for her."

"She will choose you, Tom, and she ought to. But it is generous of you not to hurry her. I must confess there is a certain delight in even the thought of a possibility."

IX

"Helen, which of these two Toms are you going to marry?"

"Honestly, father, I don't know. When I am with either of them I feel as though any woman in the world might be blessed to be his wife."

"But there must be a difference."

"There is. With Tom I feel the joy of living; everything seems bright and cheerful and abounding with delight; he is so big and strong and brave that I feel as

if I could nestle up into him and be wafted through life in perfect contentment."

"Then he is the man for you to marry."

"It seems so when I am with him. But when I am with Tom Tit there seems to be more in life than enjoyment. He is so earnest, so high-minded, so devoted to others, that a life of service seems the only one worth living."

"You will have service enough, my girl, whomever you marry, and you might better devote yourself to your own children, whom you can enjoy and control, than to the children of the riff-raff of the community who will be ungrateful and impossible."

"You are the last one to preach that doctrine, daddy. There is hardly a family in the village that you have not somehow

helped, yet certainly you have never neglected me."

"You are all I have had in this world since your mother died, my little girl. I bustle and bluster around and make a great show of work, but deep in my heart I care more for your little finger than for all the rest of the world. Your future is the only thing that counts with me. You say you can not decide between these two men. Let your old father decide for you. I want to feel that I leave you in the care of a big, strong, brave man, who will protect you from all harm. Tom is that man. If you were with Tom Tit and some man insulted you Tom Tit would expostulate with him. Tom would land a fist under his chin and send for the coroner."

"I don't think Tom Tit lacks courage, father."

"No, but he lacks self-assertiveness. He is of the turn-the-other-cheek kind. I don't want him to turn my daughter's other cheek. Come, Helen, I am a good deal older than you and I know men pretty well. Marry Tom."

"You must give me time to think of it, father. O daddy, I wish you knew how I appreciate what you are to me."

X

The village of Ashburnham has grown up on the banks of a branch of the Mohawk, short but with such a fall that almost from its source it is bordered with factories. Ordinarily it seems insignificant enough, its water that has been whipped into the service of a hundred wheels looking as dispirited as a worn-out carthorse. But

its valley is a steep one, and freshets are frequent. There is a reservoir at Petersham, meant to control the flow; but once that reservoir gave way, and the older inhabitants tell of houses that were swept down the stream through the village.

Of late years the main danger had been from ice. When this broke up in the spring it was apt to come down in such force as to threaten the old Stone Bridge, the pride of the village, the handsome arches of which were so low that the big cakes of ice accumulated as the water rose, and more than once had threatened to sweep the bridge away.

This year the breaking of the ice had been unusually sudden, and one Saturday morning word was passed around that the Stone Bridge would have to be looked after. On the recent death of the presi-

dent of the village, Dr. Breeze had been elected to succeed him, and, always a leader, felt this time the entire responsibility. He closed the bridge, placing guards at each entrance, and got laborers there early in the morning to break up the masses of ice with pick and crowbar. It was dangerous work; the ice was rotten and the current swift; one man had been swept under the bridge and rescued with difficulty. As the danger became greater the men refused any longer to venture and the mass of ice gathered high against the centre of the bridge, each fresh accretion as it swept over the dam above adding itself with a new shock, till people thought they could see the stone arches begin to yield.

Indignant at the cowardice of the men, Dr. Breeze seized a crowbar and rushed

up to the crest of the ice, dividing it with force and effect, but not realizing he was in the same danger as a man who sits on the branch of a tree and saws it off nearer the trunk. The crowd saw it however, and Tom, who came up at just this time, tied a rope about his waist and started toward the doctor.

Just then the ice at the north arch gave way and went sweeping under the bridge, leaving ten clear feet of water between Tom and the ice in the centre of the stream. He was meditating a flying leap and wondering whether the ice would hold him even if he cleared the space, when Tom Tit came up, roused from his study of a Greek phrase by the general alarm which somebody had sounded on the village fire-bell. Taking in the situation at a glance, he seized a pickaxe some workman had

dropped, swung it back to give him momentum, jumped upon the first cake of ice that came sailing by, and sprang across, reaching the other side safely though the ice sank under water at both edges and broke in two as he leaped from it. He reached Dr. Breeze's side just as the ice began to separate, but in time to throw the flat edge of the pickaxe over the edge of the bridge, where it held firm. Hanging by the handle he called to the doctor to seize him about the waist, and as the doctor wavered he cried: "Don't hesitate; I could hold us both for an hour; my grip is my strong hold."

Even in that moment of peril the doctor smiled at the unconscious definition, but as he sank with the ice he hung more and more of his weight upon Tom Tit, and

found that the pickaxe was indeed holding them both securely.

By this time Tom had rushed around to the entrance to the bridge, knocked down two of the guards who obstructed his entrance, and run to the middle, where he held over the rope still tied to his waist, and instructed the doctor how to transfer his weight from Tom Tit to the rope. This the doctor accomplished, but he was no athlete and could not climb the rope, nor could Tom lift him as a dead weight. By Tom Tit's suggestion, however, the doctor pushed himself away from the bridge by his feet, brought his feet up opposite his hands, and as Tom pulled the rope literally walked over the parapet.

Tom Tit was easily drawn up, and the three hurried from the bridge, which was still in great danger. The first one to

greet them was a white-faced girl who had seen everything with agony but without a sound. She put her hand on Tom Tit's arm and murmured, "I know now." Tom placed a loving hand on the shoulder of each. "I knew all the time,' he said sadly.

On a Tension

ON A TENSION

I

"Here I am to pay my commission, Mr. Appleton. There's the full fifty dollars according to your rules, but I don't expect to stay the year out."

"I expect you to stay a good many years out, Miss Barrett. What seems to be the trouble?"

"The principal."

"That is near-wit; at least it has the element of surprise. I have known him ever since he left college and this is the first reflection I have heard upon him. Isn't he honest?"

"The most honest man I ever saw."

"Present company—I hope?"

"Not a bit of it. You wouldn't say anything that wasn't true: he says everything that is true."

"Offensively blunt, then?"

"Blunt, but never offensively. He shows such sincere sympathy that his criticisms seem like caresses."

"Not selfish, then?"

"I never saw another man so ready to do any thing at any time for any body."

"Meddlesome?"

"It never seems so in him. His greatest delight is to perpetrate little surprises of help just when they are sure to be welcome."

"Certainly he is an efficient principal?"

"I never saw a school run so like clock work without any apparent machinery."

"And he gets results?"

"The children are so wide-awake and earnest I have had to hold my classes back, from the first recitation."

"Is he personally disagreeable to you?"

"He is fascinating. The night I got there he called upon me and I never enjoyed a conversation more in my life. Why, I said bright things myself."

"Incredible! This seems to be a game of mystification, Miss Barrett: what is it that has all the characteristics of what isn't? Why shouldn't you like Mr. Willard?"

"I do like Mr. Willard; I think he is a wonderful and a noble man."

"Then why can't you finish the year with him?"

"Because he wears me out; he wears everybody out. He is so full of life and energy and work and enthusiasm that

he keeps us all keyed up beyond what we can endure. I have said that I enjoyed that first long conversation. I did, but I have taken pains to give him no chance for another. He set my brain to working so that I did not sleep that night. It was days before I could get my thoughts back from the problems that he made so vivid to me."

"He must relax occasionally."

"Never. That's just it. If he was not always so intent, always so full of enthusiasm, always so ready to see in any topic the possibilities of all others."

"Doesn't he play games?"

"Yes, but in the same intense way: he never lets his mind rest in them. Do you know tit-tat-too?"

"Where you have nine or sixteen or twenty five squares and make alternately

crosses and circles and try to get rows of threes?"

"Yes. It is a child's game: I have played it with a boy five years old and been beaten. Mr. Willard called on me one evening when I felt I couldn't let myself be stirred up, so I brought out this infantile game, which it happened he had never seen."

"Did it side-track him?"

"In half an hour he had constructed a mathematical solution of all its possibilities, demonstrating that if the first player put his mark in a central square he could not be beaten, and if he put it in an edge square he could not win. If I would have sat up with him till midnight he would have elaborated all the possibilities from the second and all succeeding plays. I could not help yield to the glamor of his

demonstrations, and I dreamed all night in formulae, let x equal the position of the second player at the end of the fourth move, and all that. What he worked out in that hour would have made an interesting magazine article, but my brain was not in a condition to collaborate in magazine articles. I must have rest now and then."

"Doesn't he rest?"

"Never. Why, he copyrights his dreams."

"What do you mean?"

"Tells them at breakfast so as to fix them in his mind, makes brief notes and lets them run through the background of his thoughts all day, and at night writes them out as articles for *The Educational Review* with all rights of subsequent publication reserved."

"Then his dreams are pedagogical?"

"Yes, his mind is so well trained that it follows the route like a milkman's horse without the driver."

"Does his body stand all this?"

"He is preposterously healthy. He never had a headache in his life, enjoys every meal, and sleeps from ten till six so soundly the fire-bell won't wake him. His consciousness of dreams comes only when he is awake for good and ready to accept them as little gifts of Morpheus thrown in on the side."

"Then isn't Mr. Willard's activity the normal energy of good health and good habits, seeming excessive because sound health and good habits are so unusual?"

"I don't think so. My ideal is to make a recitation contemplative; not only thoughtful but leisurely, with opportunity

to browse over the topics that come up, and wander off if a side-issue proves interesting."

"But how can you get anywhere that way?"

"Where do we want to get to? It seems to me the text-books and the lesson of the day are only suggestive of the work of the recitation. Our aim is to develop thoughtful and earnest men and women, and we must seize the opportunities that present themselves. No author that wrote a text-book twenty years ago, no regents committee that prepared a syllabus, can tell just what ethical question may develop in my history recitation next Monday, an earnest discussion of which will make every boy and girl in my class better fitted to perform the duties life brings. I must have time to watch for such oppor-

tunities; when I recognize them I must have time to improve them."

"You don't think Mr. Willard would object?"

"No, indeed: he would be the first to approve and applaud. But the spirit of rush he has infused into the school makes it difficult. You feel as though the spirit everywhere was, 'Get ahead! get ahead!' A recitation should be like taking a walk into the country. You should have plenty of time, and no purpose that may not be modified by what occurs. Perhaps you have intended in a general way to walk to Winchedon, but you may run across a geological formation or a birds nest or a colony of ants that make it worth while to stop half a mile out of town. It is well enough to be able to rush for a train if an appointment makes it necessary, but rush-

ing for a train isn't profitable walking on a Saturday afternoon."

"You are wholly right, Miss Barrett, and I am glad you recognize conditions so clearly. I will tell you a secret: I sent you to Braintree because you have this restful temperament. When Miss Coolidge resigned and the president of the board came here, I said to him, 'Now you have plenty of dynamic force in school. Mr. Willard is a splendid fellow: he is putting life and energy into every boy and girl under him. But they must not grow up to think the only force in the world is of that vigorous kind. I want to send you a woman who never hurries, who always takes time to listen and observe and discuss, and yet who will carry her classes in a term as far as Mr. Willard. He is the waterfall: she is the broad, deep, quiet

river that accomplishes just as much in another way. Both will have a useful influence on the school, but they are so different that they will supplement each other.' He saw the point, and that is why you are getting two hundred dollars a year more than they ever before paid a preceptress."

"You have a good deal of confidence in me, Mr. Appleton."

"I have always put a good deal of confidence in you. When you were graduated a dozen girls in your class registered with me. As they called of course I asked each one by one about the others. I found you were the first of your class elected to Alpha, and that you were president senior year, and when I asked, 'What member of the class do you think has been most helpful to the rest of you as a whole,'

every one of those girls replied unhesitatingly, 'Rebecca Barrett'. So you see I was justified in sending you to Templeton."

"What a reckless thing that seemed for you to do. But you inspired me with your confidence, and it proved a blessed thing. If you had only done as well by me this year. I never can endure Mr. Willard forty weeks."

II

"Is Mr. Willard as bad as that?"

"He won't be after Miss Barrett marries him."

"Miss Barrett, who has just gone out, marry Mr. Willard?"

"Within a year."

"Why didn't you tell her she would?"

"Because I want her to."

III

"Good day, Mr. Appleton."

"How do you do, Mr. Willard? Glad to see you. How is your new preceptress getting on?"

"O Mr. Appleton, she is a daily delight to me."

"What is the answer?"

"All these years it has annoyed me that you couldn't make a mistake. With all the variety of teachers and all the kinds of places you always seemed to match us just right, and your unerringness had become wearisome."

"And Miss Barrett is out of place?"

"Like a bull in a china shop, or rather like a Sevres vase in a bull pen."

"Your amended simile is more flattering to Miss Barrett than to the school."

"Yet there is a certain fitness in it. Miss Barrett is an exquisite bit of femininity: she would be charming to look at under glass. But we are hustlers down at Braintree and she can't keep up with the procession."

"Must be unpopular, then?"

"No, indeed: everybody likes her: rather more than that. She has a winning personality and a voice it is a delight to listen to."

"Slow-witted, then?"

"Slow-witted? Why, you must have talked with her, Mr. Appleton: she keeps me guessing. Only it is hard to pin her down to a serious subject."

"Frivolous?"

"No, indeed. If I were to pick one adjective for her I should call her serene."

"That isn't a reflection on her."

"Nothing is a reflection on her: she is an admirable woman. The reflection is on you for sending her where she doesn't fit."

"You haven't convinced me that she doesn't fit."

"How can she fit when she looks down on the school and everybody in it?"

"Did you ever hear her say she looked down on you?"

"She doesn't have to say it. I don't have to be kicked down stairs before I discover she is dissembling her love."

"Tell me some way she shows that she looks down on you."

"Her very leisureliness is a reproach. All the rest of us come rushing up to the schoolhouse as if we were eager to arrive and get to work, and along she strolls tranquilly as if she had all day to spare."

"She is at her desk in time, isn't she?"

"O yes, but it is the spirit of the thing. It is as though she said to all the rest of us, 'If you would only plan ahead as I do you wouldn't need to hurry.' "

"And isn't that a good example to set?"

"I don't think so. Plan as carefully as you like and now and then emergencies will arise, so that you have to hurry."

"Don't you think she would hurry if emergency arose?"

"I doubt it: she would rather let everything go to the demnition bow-wows than have her equipoise disturbed."

"Say that again, Mr. Willard, and say it deliberately."

"I beg your pardon, it isn't true; I take it back. She is a good woman, a true woman; in an emergency she would do all that a true woman should. But emergencies are

rare, and all the rest of the time she is a constant reproach to us with her deliberate movements."

"Do you think she means them as a reproach?"

"Sometimes I do. When I have come rushing into her room with some matter of immediate importance she has now and then replied so meditatively that she might as well have said in so many words, 'Why get so excited over it, Mr. Willard? There's lots of time and it is all ours. Let's be leisurely about it.' "

"And isn't that sometimes good advice?"

"Very likely. But don't you see how cheap it makes me feel to be reproved that way by a subordinate? I cannot help her not respecting me, but I have a right to ask that she shall conceal her lack of respect."

"Would you like to know what Miss Barrett really thinks of you?"

"How do you know what she thinks?"

"She came in this morning to pay her commission, and she told me."

"If it would not be betraying confidence I should like to know."

"I am not in the habit of betraying confidence. What she said was said openly and freely, in the presence of my assistants here."

"Then I should certainly like to hear it."

"She said you were the most honest man she ever knew, so sympathetic that your criticisms were like caresses, always ready to do anything for anybody, but never meddlesome, and counting it your greatest triumph to do little unexpected services."

"But that I did not know anything about running a school?"

"That she never saw a school run so like clockwork without any apparent machinery, her children so wide-awake and earnest that she had to hold them back."

"But that personally I was very disagreeable?"

"That personally you were fascinating; she had never enjoyed a conversation more than with you."

"Mr. Appleton, did she really say these things?"

"I have given you her exact words."

"Thank you for telling me, Mr. Appleton: it will make things easier. I really thought she despised me and my methods. Of course I understand that you have not told me all she said, but just now I do not feel like hearing the criticisms. If she really thinks there is enough good in me so that she can work alongside of me without losing

her self-respect I think we can get through the year."

"Then let me repeat another remark of hers: 'I like Mr. Willard; I think he is a wonderful and a noble man.' "

"You make me humble, Mr. Appleton. I know as well as you how little I deserve that she should think so, but it is a great encouragement that it should seem so to her."

IV

"What are you going to do Saturday, Mr. Willard?"

"Saturday is to be a great day, Miss Barrett: I am going to rearrange the laboratory."

"All in one day?"

"Yes, it has to be done in one day so as not to interrupt the work. But if I begin at eight I think I can finish before dark."

"Can't you begin before eight?"

"No, the days are growing so short that one can't get in much time before breakfast. June 21 is the great holiday of my year, when I can read by daylight at four o'clock. It is a joy to approach it, but O how I dread seeing the days grow short again."

"What time do you get up now?"

"Only in time to be dressed at six. I find that artificial light before breakfast is trying to the eyes."

"What do you do in these early morning hours?"

"That is my time for collateral reading to keep my recitations fresh. Just now I am finishing Mitford's Greece."

"What will you do Saturday night after you have finished your laboratory?"

"My evenings go to some annotated

editions of English classics that I am getting out for Nobody & Co. One can do that kind of work when one is too tired to do anything else."

"So I should judge from the specimens I have seen. Have you done many of these?"

"Four have been published, and I have eleven more under way."

"Are you paid well for this work?"

"I get ten dollars for each one, a hundred and fifty dollars altogether."

"Ten dollars just for annotating Paradise Lost? Why, that is two-fifths as much as Milton got for writing it."

"It isn't much of a price, but it is a good thing for me to work up on these masterpieces."

"I haven't seen any of your four, but most of such books are more of a hindrance

than a help: they give only obvious information."

"That's just what the publishers want. I had to rewrite my first notes; the publishers said they were too learned."

"What is the use of interrupting the reader's attention to tell him what he already knows?"

"As Dr. Johnson said, a fisherman does not bait his hook by his own taste but by the taste of the fish. These books are made like Moses's green spectacles, to sell. I wouldn't use them in my own school."

"And on Sunday?"

"O Sunday is my luxury. I go over to the schoolhouse and lock myself in absolutely secure from intrusion for six hours. That is really the joy of the week."

"And what do you do?"

"The one thing which I hope to have

amount to something. Every man ought to aim to make one little individual contribution to knowledge: to ascertain something that has not been discovered before, and to fix it so definitely that it will not have to be discovered again."

"And what do you hope to fix?"

"It is a point in psychology. While we have been talking you have winked a number of times: that was wholly unconscious, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"But what you have said has been conscious, of course."

"Certainly."

"Now between the winking and the talking there have been a score of actions, little movements, change of position, glancing out of the window and so on, which it would

puzzle you to say whether they were conscious or not."

"That is true."

"Now that point, just where an action becomes conscious, has not been definitely determined, so far as I know, and I hope to determine it."

"What is your idea about it?"

"I shouldn't like to say yet. Of course the first thing is to read all that has been written: somebody else may already have determined this. I spent the summer vacation in the State library, with the privilege of getting in two hours early by a special key, and I think I may say that I have read everything on the subject in English, book, pamphlet, and periodical. I have also run through all the leading French writers. But the Germans seem interminable. I have already gone carefully through more

than a hundred treatises, and apparently I have only begun."

"And it is these German books on psychology you read Sunday morning?"

"Yes. It is delightful to lay half a dozen of them out for comparison, as the new author is taken up, and feel that for six hours one can study without interruption. But I dread two o'clock as much as I do June 22."

"Why don't you take sandwiches with you and stay till dark?"

"I have tried that, but I found the afternoon work was not satisfactory. For this investigation one's mind must be fresh, with all the tentacles of thought eager to grasp new ideas."

"Then your great work gets only six hours a week?"

"Only six hours of investigation: but it

has practically all my spare thought. When I walk alone, even for a short distance, some point is always at hand for consideration, and the great joy of going to bed is that I can now take up some point that is especially interesting."

"Then how do you get to sleep?"

"That takes care of itself: I never hear the clock strike twice."

"Does your mind rest while your body sleeps?"

"It feels rested in the morning, but I must keep at work, for often I wake up in the night and find some thought worked out so clearly that I wonder I had not seen it before."

"What do you do, jump up and jot it down?"

"Not usually: it takes so long to do it and wakes me up so much. Usually I say

it over a few times to fix it in memory and can recall it in the morning. But sometimes I lose a thought this way: I often wish I were married."

"What is the connection?"

"If I had a wife as interested as I am in this investigation and a good stenographer, I could nudge her when I waked with one of these revelations, and have her jump up and make notes in detail, with all the freshness of background."

"But suppose you had children?"

"I can't suppose that yet a while. I must get some of my work done before I drop into what is called family life."

"Then if you want a wife only as a stenographer, why not get a dictaphone? You could have one that works by electricity, and when you wake up with a big

thought all you need is to press a button and talk into a horn."

"But is it really practicable? I know a man who used to use graphophones, but they were indistinct, his stenographers used to guess at what he had said, and he finally threw the machine ears out."

"The dictaphone is a great improvement. My uncle dictates all his correspondence that way without mistake. It would be so much less trouble than a wife, and it couldn't have children."

"Yes, it would be better in every way. Do you know how much one costs?"

"Probably a hundred and fifty dollars, with all the accessories."

"My next month's salary must go for that: and there are so many more German books I want. But they must wait."

"Mr. Willard will you do me a favor?"

"A personal favor?"

"Yes."

"Most assuredly I will: it is always a pleasure to do anything for you."

"I believe that is true, Mr. Willard, but this is a great favor."

"If it is personal to you it is granted."

"I have an invitation for you and me to join a house party over Sunday near Fourth lake. We can go from here after school Friday and get there by nine o'clock, and we can come away from there Monday morning and get back in time for school. There will be four others whom you do not know but whom you will like. I want you to give up your Saturday and Sunday work and take this holiday with me."

"But, Miss Barrett, a house party is just about the one sort of company I am least fitted for."

"That isn't the consideration: it is the personal favor to me you promised."

"Your statement that it is a personal favor to you is so flattering that I shall keep my word."

V

"The others have gone away and left us, Mr. Willard: we have a whole afternoon to ourselves."

"What shall we do with it?"

"What do you want to do with it, Mr. Willard?"

"We might climb that little mountain over there."

"It is twelve miles to the base of that mountain, Mr. Willard."

"How deceiving these distances are. We might walk to Remsen."

"What do we want in Remsen?"

"Just to have some association connected with the name."

"There are a thousand villages in New York larger and more interesting than Remsen."

"But Remsen is the place we can get acquainted with to-day. It is part of my theory of life to take opportunities while they are at hand."

"Then why not get acquainted with me instead of with Remsen?"

"O I shall be getting acquainted with you as we walk along."

"What an insignificant incident of the afternoon I must be. I might have hoped you would be glad of an afternoon's undisturbed conversation."

"I am: but this is my only chance to see Remsen, and I can talk with you any time."

"Really, Mr. Willard—"

"That was pretty complete, wasn't it? Suppose I prove to you it is the greatest compliment I could pay you."

"If you can, I shall pronounce you a master of dialectic."

"Here goes. Major premise, whenever I feel exstatic I say ridiculous things. Are you that way, Miss Barrett?"

"You seem to be sparring to gain wind, Mr. Willard."

"No, but really, haven't you found that when you are exultant you are likely to bubble over into some absurd remark?"

"I don't know that I recollect having felt exultant, not to say exstatic, and I do not remember having given myself that excuse for foolish remarks."

"It is characteristic of me, so much so that I have tried to associate with the feel-

ing of exultation the caution that I am probably upon the point of making an ass of myself."

"For instance?"

"I am ashamed to tell you, but I will confess one or two instances. Last winter at the Principals conference things seemed to be going my way. Some remarks I made in one of the discussions took pretty well, I was made chairman of a committe, the resolution I drew was adopted, and I was elected vice-president. It was too much for my weak head, and I began to foam. Just then some one came up and said the new president of Union college was over in the corner and would like to make my acquaintance. Will you believe that I replied that it hardly seemed worth while to be introduced where we could only say a word or two: that I would

rather wait till some time when we could have opportunity to see more of each other?"

"Pray why did you say that?"

"I didn't say it: my bubbling over with self-satisfaction said it. I knew even when I was saying it how absurd it was, but I was in the mood to throw out a half-digested thought like that, and so lost the respect of my friend and the good will of the president of Union."

"Give me another instance."

"They are humiliating, but I will give you one more. When I went to San Francisco three years ago I was asked to escort two ladies. I did not know them and it was rather a formidable undertaking for five days, but we proved to be congenial and I enjoyed the trip. When we were nearly there and were well acquainted we

told one another our first impressions, and they said that when we took our first meal together they remarked to each other, 'At any rate he eats slowly.' 'Why, were you watching me?' I exclaimed. 'Yes, indeed, didn't you know it?' 'I never thought of that. I was watching you. I knew I was all right.' Can you imagine anybody out of an asylum saying that? It was the bubbling over of exultation at having reached such friendly relations."

"You have wandered three thousand miles away from your demonstration that you paid me a compliment."

"O no: only making my major premise clear. Minor premise, I said a most ridiculous thing."

"Granted, for the sake of the argument."

"Conclusion, I feel exstatic, and that

can be due only to the joy of being with you."

"Which you illustrate by saying you can talk with me any time."

"Absolute asininity, therefore complete ecstasy."

"Provided we walk to Remsen so as not to waste the afternoon."

"No, I forego Remsen, if only by way of expiation."

"Then I believe your repentance is sincere."

"Besides, I foresee that I shall be kept pretty busy just talking with you."

"Is it formidable?"

"Far from it, and it will give me just as exhilarating a fatigue."

"Always action, action, action. Why couldn't we be contented just to be together this afternoon without such con-

tinual sparring? Did you never enjoy the silence of companionship?"

"That sounds like a paradox."

"Far from it. The trouble is, you do not know the joys of contemplation. You and I have been looking for half an hour toward that big tree yonder. What impression has it made upon you?"

"Leaf seven rounded lobes, therefore an oak; a tuft of them at the end of a twig, therefore quercus alba."

"You aren't looking at the tree; you are trying to recall a page of Gray's Botany. It is as if somebody should ask me what impression you had made upon me and I should reply, 'Willard, S. A., 219 Adams street, teacher.' "

"What impression has the oak made on you?"

"First of its age. The acorn from which it sprang must have wormed down into the ground and begun to sprout when my great grandfather was a child, and the tree will still be standing there probably long after every thought of me has vanished. If it had been a dryad, how contemptuously it would look down on us evanescent mortals."

"If you were telling the impression I have made on you, you say you wouldn't reply by giving my directory address; what would you say?"

"Fishing for compliments or want to know really?"

"Want to know really: this is a serious conversation to me."

"It isn't usually prudent to tell one frankly what you think of one."

"You told Mr. Appleton what you thought of me."

"How do you know?"

"He repeated it to me."

"That wasn't nice of him."

"I warned him not to betray confidence, but he said you spoke openly. Besides, he didn't tell all you said."

"What did he tell?"

"The pleasant things. I had accused him of making a mistake in sending you here."

"Then you weren't satisfied with me?"

"I told him you were a Sevres vase in a bull pen, and that you looked down on the rest of us. To disprove it he told me the good things you had said of me."

"Why didn't he tell it all?"

"I asked him to keep the dark side back: just then I did not feel like hearing criti-

cism. But now it is criticism I want. The fact that you feel friendly enough toward me to bring me out here and devote this afternoon to me is sufficient compliment. Now I want the downright hard truth about my faults."

"I believe you do. I believe you are in a mood to profit by criticism."

"Just now you could not possibly give me a better proof of your friendship."

"Well, Mr. Willard, to begin with, you have a fundamentally wrong idea of work. You are measuring it by quantity, not by quality."

"For instance."

"Take your annotated classics: why do you waste time on them?"

"It isn't wasted. They fill in the time when I am too tired to do anything serious and not sleepy enough to go to bed."

"And yet you let this banal stuff go out as yours: stuff you would not use in your own school."

"I get a hundred and fifty dollars for it."

"You don't need the hundred and fifty dollars. You get eighteen hundred dollars a year, and you have no one else to support."

"It costs me a lot for books."

"That leads me to your psychology. I don't object so seriously to that. I don't think you will ever get anywhere with it, but so long as you enjoy groping it isn't wholly unprofitable amusement: it is well enough to have a fad. But when you undertake to master all German metaphysics before you begin to formulate your own theory you attempt the impossible. Those books and magazine articles come

out faster than you can read them, and every year you will be farther behind. You have read enough: stop reading and think. Work out your own theory, experiment upon it, verify it or disprove it: but don't think the mere labor of reading all that other people write will make you a psychologist."

"You don't sugar-coat your pills, Miss Barrett."

"It is not a time for sugar-coating. There is not likely to be another occasion when I am in the mood for doing this disagreeable thing and you are in the mood to let me. To tell you the bare truth, I think that ability which might make its mark you are frittering away on a mass of useless efforts. When I was a child my arithmetic teacher said that a great mathematician had declared that

if he were given a problem to solve and his life depended on whether he solved it in an hour, he would spend the first half of the hour studying it before he made a figure. You wouldn't. In your phrase you would get busy, and perhaps be half through before you discovered that you could have done it in a much simpler way."

"You hit me hard there, Miss Barrett; I have had that experience frequently."

"It comes from not having formed the habit of contemplation. I don't approve of tobacco, but I have sometimes envied the *dolce far niente* of an after-dinner cigar. For you the Italian phrase just expresses it. If only you could find it sweet to do nothing for occasional intervals, and escape this everlasting keeping busy, busy, busy. Work is of no use unless it leads to something. Don't start any

work unless you are sure it leads to something worth while."

"The world needs men who do things."

"The world needs men who get things done. It is full of men who are hustling and puffing and sweating, keeping everything in a turmoil but never getting anywhere."

"You can't get anywhere unless you start."

"And you won't get there unless you start in the right direction. That is the usual trouble. Instead of making sure which is the road people keep taking the first turn, tiring themselves out, and coming back again. Study the map before you start."

"Lots of people are always planning and never beginning."

"They accomplish as much as those who begin without planning and go wrong."

"Don't you think all honest work counts for something?"

"The greatest waste in the world to-day is of effort that is honest but misdirected. Often it is a serious and positive harm."

"And most of my effort is misdirected?"

"I think so."

"Toward what would you advise me to direct it?"

"Toward what you are paid for and responsible for."

"Do you mean that I neglect my work as a teacher?"

"I mean that you are not a teacher at all, or interested in being."

"You told Mr. Appleton that you never saw a school run so like clock-work."

"President Garfield said his idea of a

college was a log with Mark Hopkins on one end and himself on the other; but if Mark Hopkins had never done anything but sit on the end of a log he would never have become a great college president."

"And you think I do nothing but sit on a log?"

"As a principal that is about all. You are a strong, intelligent, healthy, square man whom the boys like and obey because they like you, but you give no attention to school outside the routine of your day's work. You admit your outside thoughts are mostly of your Don Quixote psychology."

"But I take up the problems of the school as they occur."

"And jump at the answers. You were wholly wrong in that case of Will Colburn and Tom Abernethy."

"How do you know?"

"I happened to see the affair. Will is a big, good-natured, curly-headed boy who likes you and wouldn't take the trouble to explain that you pronounced the verdict after hearing only Tom's story. Will doesn't care, but you hurt Tom by siding with him unjustly."

"I may have been hasty there, but such cases do not occur often. Surely I get good results in the classroom."

"Not so very. You inspire your pupils so that they work hard and grub all they can out of the text-book, but you leave their information ragged. I was astonished in looking over your algebra papers to find such evidence of neglect: Mary Bowerman, for instance, showing plainly in her binomial therorem that she was uncertain in the subtraction of exponents."

"I always explain when a pupil shows that he does not understand."

"But you don't take pains enough to find out when your pupils do not understand. You talk and demonstrate a good deal, and you do it well and interestingly and helpfully, but you don't question enough to be sure you are followed. And while it is true you do explain if you are asked to, you have the manner of being interrupted unnecessarily, so that the pupil feels apologetic and next time keeps quiet."

"What would you have me do?"

"Give more time and thought to your work. You seem to think that teaching has no problems: that you can deal offhand with every question that comes up and trust to instinct to hit on the right solution. It is a big responsibility to be at the head of a school like this, and it

deserves your most serious consideration. For instance, to take a more important matter, what right have you to allow Miss Caswell to remain a teacher in your school?"

"Why, I don't hire the teachers, Miss Barrett."

"But you ought to prevent her being hired."

"My dear Miss Barrett, Miss Caswell is the niece of the president of the board, who would have to support her mother if she did not earn four hundred dollars in school."

"What of it? She is an incubus, isn't she? She deadens the soul of every child that enters her room, doesn't she? You have three unusually desirable primary teachers, delightful girls, competent and bright and loving their children, so that the little tots long to come to school. Then

comes the fourth grade and Miss Caswell, a sour old maid without the slightest sense of humor or sympathy or love, and there those little ones sit for forty weeks terror-stricken, not nearly as well fitted to enter the fifth grade as when they came out of the third. Isn't that true?"

"You put it strongly, but it is true."

"And you, the principal of the school, permit it."

"I can't help it. Mr. Pritchard is a domineering man, and he is president of the biggest bank in town. He loans money to five of the other eight members of the board. Do you suppose they would dare vote against him?"

"Mr. Pritchard is a bully, and all bullies are cowards. Go to him and demand that Miss Caswell resign and he will threaten to dismiss you. Tell him that if he does the

town will know why, and will have statistics as to how much it has paid to relieve him from supporting his own sister; he will whine like a hound and beg you not to mention it."

"How keen you are, Miss Barrett. I don't say I should like to undertake it but very likely it would work just that way."

"Probably that isn't the best way to go at it, but it shows you one possibility. At any rate, some way or other you should rid the school of that cold-blooded reptile. Who is your best friend on the board?

"Mr. Boutelle."

"You talk to him pretty freely, don't you?"

"Absolutely freely, about school matters."

"Ask him what to do in this matter.

Talk it over, plan a campaign, get her out, if it takes a year to do it. This illustrates what I was saying, that you don't give time to the problems of the school. They can't all be solved off-hand: if they could, anybody could be a good principal. It is because the problems are difficult and take time and sagacity and determination and perseverance, that the right man rises in his calling. You can be a distinguished teacher if you will concentrate on it. But you must concentrate."

"Miss Barrett, I will concentrate. You convince me that I am not even honest with the school: I am not earning the salary I am paid. How ridiculous it seems that your name should be printed in the catalogues as my assistant. You would be worth a dozen of me as principal."

"Not a bit of it. I couldn't do it as

you can. I can see some things that ought to be done because I am in the habit of seeing and reflecting. The more you get into the habit of reflecting instead of being busy all the time, the more you will see; and when you see, with your personality and your energy you can accomplish as no woman could, as few men could."

"If I may always have you by my side, Miss Barrett—"

"There come the others back. They look as if they had been having a happy afternoon, too."

VI

Mrs. Leander Barrett
invites you to the marriage of her
daughter
Rebecca
to
Hermon Willard

at her home in
Worcester, Mass.
June the twenty-seventh, 1906
Receptions the Saturdays of September
219 Adams street
Braintree, N. Y.

Bread upon the Waters

BREAD UPON THE WATERS

I

"Elihu! halloa, there! do you mean to say you don't know me?"

"I know you well enough, Ben, but the fact is I'm ashamed to meet any '98 man, most of all you."

"Well, you've met one, and you're going to take lunch with him on the spot."

"I can surprise you."

"Go ahead."

"If I take lunch with you it will be the first food I have eaten in twenty-four hours."

"So down on your luck as that, old man?"

"Yes, I have exhausted borrowing and

begging and have got to the starving stage."

"You won't starve to-day if Marquand has anything left. What has gone wrong with you?"

"Everything. You know my wife and I are divorced."

"Yes, I heard that: sorry for you, old chap."

"Everybody sides with her, and her people are influential, so I have no show any more."

"Here we are. There's a table in the corner just vacated: we can have a quiet chat there, and we'll make this meal a leisurely one. Remember the last meal we had together? Hasty pudding without molasses. We shall do better than that to-day. Here, waiter, Blue points, planked white-fish, sweetbreads on toast, and as-

paragus. Now tell us what has happened to you since we left college."

"I started out well enough: instructor at Union, and after two years assistant professor. Then I married and we went travelling. Spent a year in London and Paris and Berlin and Vienna; then up the Nile, back by India, China, and Japan. By the end of the second year we had agreed to disagree, and we were divorced. I had taken thousands of views and I tried lecturing: nobody wanted to hear me talk. Then I tried writing for the magazines: nobody wanted to print it. I even attempted newspaper work; but they sent me off on impossible stunts and tossed my stories into the waste-basket. By this time my money was gone, and I began to hang up anybody I met for a meal. After a while that wouldn't work, and I began

to borrow the price of a meal. I couldn't pay back, and I began to beg of anybody I knew. People avoided me, sometimes refused me. Last night I hesitated a good while whether to put my last fifteen cents into a supper or a bed. I decided it was too cold to sleep in a park, so I went without supper. Now you know my history up to date."

"But, Elihu, this all seems incredible. You, one of the bright men of the class, starving on Broadway like a tramp. There must be lots of things you can do."

"Are there? I don't run across them. I have tried over and over. The *Herald* every morning has advertisements for hundreds of men wanted. I have applied again and again, only to find a score of men waiting, any one of whom is taken before me. I am not proud. If I ever had been

it would have been washed out of me long ago. I am willing to be a porter, a messenger, a street sweeper, anything that will bring me a bed and a dinner, but there are so many more for every place who look younger and more prosperous, that I am turned down. No: I have tried over and over, and I have given up hoping for work."

"What are you looking forward to?"

"Nothing but the river; some night I shall be hungry enough to drop in and end it."

"And you are the Elihu Trask who used to lie back with me in Weld hall and speculate as to how we would open this big oyster, the world."

"I didn't have to open it: it was opened and handed to me on the half-shell, like these Blue points. In our wildest hopes I

never dreamed of such chances as I have had."

"How have you lost them?"

"I have often asked that of myself. I have no small vices: I don't drink or smoke or notice a woman I can't respect. I was never extravagant: quite the contrary, you are thinking of yourself, and rightly. But some way I have never been able to hold my friends. You have picked me up to-day out of curiosity, and are feeding me for the sake of old times, but you despise me; you wouldn't like to meet me again to-morrow. Yet you gave up going to Yale to room with me at Harvard. And before the year was ended we were more strangers than if we had never met."

"It wasn't all my fault, Elihu."

"It wasn't your fault at all, Ben. You were staunch enough. But after we had

boarded ourselves so parsimoniously it was sneaky for me to let Bill Morgan pay my board at the Pi Etas, and leave you to eat your mush alone."

"I did not lay it up against you, Elihu. I was glad you had the chance to get such substantial food."

"I know it; I know it; you were always generous. Then when I told you Bill wanted to room with me, and you asked where, and I said No. 7, Weld hall, you moved your things out and never made a whimper."

"I saw we had both been mistaken in each other."

"I wasn't mistaken in you: I knew you were true blue; but Bill Morgan had piles of money, and he lavished lots of it on me. 'Might as well spend it on you as taking some fast girl to ride,' he used to say.

'More respectable and really lots of fun.' You wouldn't let him pay your board and buy your clothes, but so long as he wanted to do it and could afford it, I didn't see why I shouldn't let him."

"How did you come to separate?"

"Same old fatality. He got tired of me and moved out before the year was over. But he was square about it: he gave me the twenty dollars a week all through college. He said he had got me into that way of living and he would see me through."

"He got you into the first ten in the Institute."

"Yes, and I ought to have helped you in, but I didn't; I kept you out of Pudding."

"I always suspected that."

"It was true. It is hard to forgive a man you have injured and I never forgave you: I haven't yet."

"O that's so long ago, Elihu; let by-gones be by-gones. We were boys then."

"I am far enough from a boy now. It hardly seems possible that I could once have been ambitious, hopeful, confident. Now the principal thought I have as a background to this white-fish is that I shall never have another meal like this."

"You will have lots of them. Suppose I give you something to do?"

"You? What, pray?"

"I am principal of the school at Shirley, and was sent down here to-day to get a new preceptress. I have met one who will do very well, and am to telephone her to-night. She does not need the place as you do. Take the place yourself: be my vice-principal. The salary is only eighty dollars a month, but that is better than starving."

"It would be absolute heaven to me after my last six months. But could I do the work?"

"An ex-professor of Union, and mostly the same subject?"

"But the government?"

"How did you get on at Union?"

"Fairly well the first two years. Not much more than tolerated, but that is all a tutor expects. After that it didn't go so well. I was never popular, and the last year I was disliked. If I had stayed another year I should have been hooted."

"What was the trouble?"

"Fundamentally the boys thought I wasn't fair: that I favored the sons of rich parents, especially if they showed me hospitality."

"Was it true?"

"In some instances, enough to start the

feeling; and you know how that accumulates in college, like a snowball."

"At any rate you will know how to avoid that mistake here. In our school discipline is easy; in fact we don't think much about it. We are all pretty busy, and you will make your classes the most interesting in school."

"Do you really want me to come?"

"I shall be delighted to have you."

"You are authorized to engage?"

"Yes."

"To begin when?"

"Next Monday."

"I couldn't go in these clothes, and I have no others, not even a clean shirt."

"I haven't much money with me, but my credit it good as Wanamaker's. I will take you up there and ask them to

give you a hundred dollars worth of outfit and charge it to me."

"Do you expect to get your pay?"

"Yes, at your convenience. I can wait a year."

"Ben, I wish I was a good enough fellow to refuse."

"But you won't refuse. Come, we will end with strawberry shortcake, if it is an extravagance, and then we will run up to Ninth street."

II

Ben Ford was certainly forgiving. He had fitted for Yale, where he and Elihu, who had struck up an intimacy in the last year at the academy, had agreed to room together. During vacation Elihu had come to him and announced that he had decided to go to Harvard instead, and hoped Ben would go with him. Against

all his family traditions Ben agreed to the change, not considering that if either was to determine the college for both it should not have been Elihu, who had no family traditions.

They had not hoped to room on the campus freshmen year, but a friend of Ben's had been forced at the last moment to give up his college course, and as most of the students had made their arrangements for the year, he had been able to turn over to Ben a fine room in Weld hall. The first rift within the lute had come over the carpet in this room. It had cost fifty dollars, had only a year's light wear, and was offered to them for ten dollars. Ben thought they ought to have it, and that they could afford five dollars apiece. Elihu thought it would be an attraction and perhaps a protection, as the room was on the ground

floor and might be damp, but it was not an absolute necessity and he did not feel like putting up five dollars. Ben had come to college with fifty dollars as his total capital, and Elihu with five hundred, yet Elihu was manifestly glad when Ben decided to pay the ten dollars himself.

They had agreed to the narrowest economy in food. At first they lived on a loaf of graham bread shared between them three times a day. But this cost each of them twelve cents a day, and they found books so expensive that they felt they must economize more closely. They lived for a week or two on mush and molasses; one week they even lived on mush without molasses. They were strong and healthy and of good hablts, and they thrived on it.

But one day Elihu came home and told Ben he was going to board at the Pi Etas.

"At the Pi Etas, at twenty dollars a week? Where do you get your money?" laughed Ben, who thought it was joke.

It was no joke. Elihu had attracted the notice of Bill Morgan, a wealthy fellow of benevolent disposition who thought it was a shame that so good a scholar should feed on Indian meal, and who proposed to have him come to his boarding table at his expense. Elihu had protested feebly, but had been persuaded and had accepted a hundred dollar bill to pay his first five weeks' board.

Ben could not understand Elihu's willingness to incur such obligation or to desert his comrade, but he was glad for Elihu's sake that he was to be well fed, and he did not let it make the slightest difference in feeling toward him.

But Elihu's interest in his roommate

weakened. In the new set into which he was introduced, his big uncouthness and clumsiness seemed a fit setting for his candid bluntness, especially in referring to himself. He lacked humor, but he did not hesitate to confess he did not see the point of a joke and was often more amusing in his frank opacity than he would have been as a wit. He had the effect of a fresh breeze in an overheated room, and became quite the vogue. He was one of the first ten taken into the Institute, and became a man of infiuence in his class. Morgan took him to his own tailor and paid the bills. One could hardly recognize the countryman who shambled into the yard in September.

One day Elihu was thoughtful and Ben could see that he had something on his mind.

"What is it, Elihu?" he asked at length "You might as well out with it."

"Well, the fact is," Elihu began shamefacedly, "Morgan wants me to room with him."

"Over in Beck? That will be going some."

"No; he has a notion of living the simple life; he wants to come here."

"To this room?"

"Yes."

"And of course you want me to move out?"

"It seems churlish, but it would mean a lot to me to room with him."

Ben's pride was his weakness; if anybody he had trusted demanded the unreasonable he did not argue or protest: he yielded and knew the man better.

"I will move out to-night," he said. And before dark his few simple belongings were crowded into a hall bedroom in a cheap boarding-house. Had he not succeeded in getting some tutoring he could not have afforded even that.

This was the end of the friendship for which he had changed his college. He and Elihu always bowed but never spoke. As successive tens were taken into the Institute he felt rather than knew that it was Elihu's influence that kept him out. Occasionally when acquaintance started with some man who seemed congenial but was in Elihu's set he found it suddenly checked, and did not doubt that Elihu had done him an ill turn. If Elihu's prosperity had continued Ben would have been the one to avoid a meeting, but when he saw his old classmate friendless, in rags, and

hungry, he forgot all his disappointment in him and held out the helping hand.

III

The experiment proved a success. Elihu was not a teacher and never could be: he was too self-centered, too immersed in his own view of the subject, regarding the day's recitation as a means of widening his own knowledge rather than of helping his pupils to knowledge. But his scholarship was accurate, the boys did not catch him in mistakes, and the spirit of the school was so good that his classes maintained the habit of making good preparation. And certainly Elihu was interesting. He had travelled so much that he could illustrate any geographical reference by his own experiences. He became popular with the pupils and presently with their parents. Ben blessed his lucky stars over and over

that he had happened to be in New York and to meet his old chum at a time when he could do so much for him.

Elihu, was grateful, of course. "I say, Ben," he said after a month, "you certainly have a snug nest here. All the board or the boys ask is to find out what you want and you get it."

"It is a delightful place," replied Ben, "but you haven't seen the most delightful thing in it. Come with me to-night and I will introduce you to the woman who is to be my wife next June."

They called upon her, and Elihu felicitated his old comrade. "Really," he said, "she is a perfect specimen of womanhood. If only I had found such a woman instead of a haughty society girl. By the way, nobody here knows that I have been married; of course you won't mention it."

"Certainly not, Elihu; I have never before alluded to it even with you." There was a reason for it. The newspapers had published at the time that she paid her husband ten thousand dollars to permit the divorce. Fortunately they lived in a state where desertion was sufficient cause.

"It was the unhappiest feature of an unhappy life. How everything seems to to come your way."

"Yes, I have been blessed, Elihu, way beyond my deserts. We have waited longer than some would think wise, but I wanted to have enough saved to be sure I could take good care of her and all that may come to us. Now I have five thousand dollars in the bank, and life insurance for twenty thousand, so that I feel that I may safely assume the responsibility. I have led a cleaner life than most men,

Elihu, and you may imagine what it means to have such a woman my very own."

IV

After a time it began to dawn upon Ben that perhaps Elihu was too popular. He was glad to have his protegé recognized and liked, but he was hardly prepared to have his own place usurped. Elihu had advantages. In the first place he was three inches taller, and though he had a shambling gait and carriage this seemed to many the athlete's lounge, and a story spread about that Elihu had been on the varsity crew. Ben was five feet seven, an average height, well formed, erect, brisk, and sure in movement: among his boys he had seemed a large man: but beside this big fellow, five feet ten and looking six feet, the principal seemed to shrink.

Then Elihu was much better dressed. He had put Ben's hundred dollars to good use. His clothes were ready-made, but they had been skilfully altered to fit him, and were of the latest cut, while his shirts and shoes and hat carried an air of distinction. Ben was always neat, with clean linen and polished shoes, and his clothes had been made by a good tailor. But in this as in all else he was saving; he wore his clothes a long while; he seemed a countryman beside Elihu.

Elihu got a hold in village society that Ben had never secured. His school duties did not worry him after four o'clock and he had plenty of time for visiting; he liked to be invited out to teas and dinners. As a man who had been everywhere and seen everything he always found listeners, and he was entertaining. It happened that

the president of the board, who really had entire control, had concentrated all the poetry of his life on travel. He had made a dozen short trips to Europe and Africa, had carried a camera and brought home every tram-ticket and laundry bill and pasted all his mementoes in scrap-books, one for each voyage; he liked nothing else so much as to find a listener to go over these books with him. Elihu not only listened to him, but had recollections of his own for every page, and was soon invited to go with the president to Norway and Sweden the coming summer, all expenses paid.

The most direct contrast was drawn in the lecture course. The brilliant Professor Bright, who held the audience so spell-bound as he told of the new astronomy, when he saw Elihu enter the hall came

down from the platform to greet him, insisted on taking him back to sit with him, and explained to the president of the board that they had been classmates at Harvard.

"Then there is another man you will want to see," said the president after the lecture. "Here is another of your classmates." And he brought up Ben.

"Dear me, yes," said the lecturer, embarrassed. "Let me see, I forget your name." When he heard it, "Yes," he said, "I remember, I think, but there are so many in the class it is difficult to recall faces."

A good deal was made of this incident, and Ben began to fall into an inferior place in public estimation.

V

One evening Elihu surprised Agatha Wallace by calling unaccompanied upon

her. He had come frequently with Ben, sometimes by Ben's invitation, sometimes by his own, but this was the first time he had come alone. She felt affronted; as an engaged girl she did not care to have any outside man visit her, even Ben's friend. But Elihu explained that he had come when he knew Ben was away because it was Ben he wanted to talk about. That put a new phase on it, and Agatha became cordial.

"I don't need to tell you," he began, "what a fine fellow Ben is, though I have known him longer and on more sides than you. But there is one thing that troubles me here. He is an able principal and a remarkable teacher, but instead of giving all his energy to that work he is weighed down by a mass of clerical details that keep him overtime, make him tired and nervous,

and instead of giving him a chance to broaden, confine him to pawing day after day in the same old treadmill."

Agatha acknowledged the truth of that; she had often wished she could help him with this drudgery of school work.

"It isn't economy for the board of education," Elihu continued. "When my father was a boy he held the chain for George Raymond, a civil engineer in Fitchburg, who was taking some measurements for Alva Crocker, the richest man in town. One day he wanted to find a monument, so he borrowed a shovel and worked all the forenoon like a common laborer, digging ten feet down. 'Why do you do that?' my father asked. 'I told Alva Crocker I needed a man,' he replied, 'and he thought it wouldn't be necessary. If he wants to pay me ten dollars a day to do what a

laborer would do for one, I don't care.' That is just what the board is doing here. It is paying him eighteen hundred dollars a year to do clerical work that dozens of girls could do just as well for six dollars a week."

Agatha admitted that this was true.

"I never thought much of Timothy Titcomb, but he said one thing I have always remembered, that it is characteristic of an executive not to do anything he can get anybody else to do. That is so here. There is a great deal in school that nobody else but Ben can do, and he should be left free to do that, without dissipating his energy on calculating averages and making out regents reports."

"I wish some change could be made," Agatha remarked, "but the board is so

parsimonious when any new expense is proposed."

"I am not so sure about that, Miss Wallace. I have taken the liberty to speak to Col. Manning about it, and he has promised to see that at the meeting to-morrow night a clerk is elected for Ben, to take all this detail off his mind."

"He has promised? How good you are, Mr. Trask. It will make such a difference to Ben. Whom will they appoint?"

"That is just why I am calling to-night. There is about a half-day's work, and my proposition was that you should be chosen, to be there in the morning only, at three hundred dollars a year. Are you willing to accept?"

"It is too good to be true. Ben never wanted me to be a teacher, but he will be delighted to have me do this. As for me,

it will be in every way a joy. Does Ben know you have done this for him?"

"No; and he mustn't: let him think it comes from the board spontaneously. He has done so much for me that a little thing like this doesn't count, and you must promise he shall never know."

How generous he was; doubtless he was doing these kind things all the time and concealing them. This big-heartedness appealed to Agatha. Think how many times Ben had discussed with her the little hundred dollars he had lent Elihu, and here Elihu made Ben a present of three hundred dollars a year and didn't even want it known. It was good to be a careful man like Ben, but sometimes she wished his outlook was broader. A woman so admires the open hand, the uncalculating generosity. She was so occupied with the

contrast between the two friends that she did not at first observe how at parting Elihu was holding her hand longer than was customary. When she drew it away she was angry to find herself blushing, and angrier still when he gave her hand an extra pressure just before releasing it, because she felt herself blushing still more deeply. Why should it seem personal to her? Elihu was doing all this for Ben.

VI

When she came to spend her mornings at school Agatha was astonished to find how much less Ben was held in respect than she supposed. To her mind he had always been the big man of the village, adored by the pupils and respected by the parents. But as she sat at her work in the office she could but observe that the respect paid to Ben was perfunctory. If

Ben and Elihu were both in the office, it was Elihu that dominated. He did not assume authority or importance, he was always deferent to Ben, yet the habit of turning to Elihu as the more important man was so pervasive that even Agatha found herself now and then asking Elihu instead of Ben.

To help Ben out, Elihu had voluntarily assumed the rehearsals for commencement, and the boys came one by one to the office for an hour's drill, between eleven and twelve. The first boy remarked as he entered that it hardly seemed necessary, as Mr. Ford had already given him the help needed.

"So much the better," replied Elihu cordially; "but give me a chance to enjoy the finished product." And he asked the

boy to go over his oration just as he intended to deliver it.

He listened attentively, made some notes and at the end remarked: "Very good; very good. But I wonder if we can't put a little more snap into it. Take that first sentence! 'Man is the only thinking animal.' That is true, but can't we make it more forcible? For instance, how does an animal differ from man?"

"It can't think."

"And how does the plant differ from the animal?"

"It can't move."

"And how does the mineral differ from the plant?"

"It can't grow."

"Exactly. Now why not put this idea of yours into forcible form? Suppose we

begin by saying: 'Minerals exist.' Then what would you say next?"

"Plants exist and grow."

"Perfect. And next?"

"Animals exist and grow and move."

"Right. And finally?"

"Man exists and grows and moves and thinks."

"That would do, but suppose we give more variety to the expression. Let us make the first sentence, 'Minerals exist, plants exist and grow, animals exist and grow and move, but man alone has the power to think.' Isn't that better?"

"Ever so much better, but Mr. Ford didn't correct me that way: he just marked the mistakes in grammar and spelling."

"Very right that was, too: all that has to be done. But now let us go on and see

if we cannot make the phrasing more felicitous. Take the next paragraph."

So he went on turning the simple sentences into epigrams, and converting a schoolboy's essay into a senior theme at Harvard. When all was done this oration and the rest Elihu corrected had lost the smack of originality, to become conventional, rather flippant expressions of opinions by Elihu. But to the boys it was a great triumph to find that they could write such fine English, and they contrasted Mr. Trask's drill with Mr. Ford's, much to the latter's disadvantage. Even Agatha with all her prejudice wondered that it never had occurred to Ben to drill pupils in that developing, inspiring way.

VII

A month later when Ben had gone to Ipswich as a judge in prize-speaking and

was to remain all night, Elihu called again on Agatha. "I knew you would be lonely with Ben out of town," he said, "and I have come around to rattle in his shoes."

Agatha looked at Elihu's number tens, D width, and thought what an advantage it was to have a big, generous, capacious foot, a broad understanding. Ben's one personal vanity was the size of his hands and feet. He wore number seven gloves and number seven shoes, narrow width. It must be confessed, Agatha thought, this was effeminate; why should a grown man, who is supposed to do things in the world, have a hand and foot like a school-girl's?

It had been a hard day. Agatha had gone back to school in the afternoon to enter some records Ben wanted to complete, she felt overworked and nervous, and Ben was pressed for time on account

of his approaching trip to Ipswich. Her work was unusually imperfect and he was unusually critical: they came nearer than ever before in their acquaintance to sharp words, and Agatha felt conscious of Ben's self-repression as well as her own. It made her tremble for their future. Why should it be such an unpardonable offence to make the first indentation eleven sixteenths of an inch instead of three-quarters? It certainly wasn't worth being disagreeable about.

Elihu proved a delightful relief. He told her about his trip up the Nile, and it was refreshing to Agatha to reflect that anywhere in the world there were people who took life as easy as that without this everlasting stress and worry. Elihu must be such a delightful companion, always liesurely and easy-going, enjoying the big

things of life and letting the little men—the careful men, Agatha specified to herself bitterly—lose themselves in agonizing over details. She would like to go up the Nile with a party of whom Elihu was one. In fact it would be enjoyment to go anywhere with him. If only—. But she caught herself in time to fracture the thought. What was there in her to interest a big, noble fellow like Elihu, even if she had had no other tie? He had not since pressed her hand as he did the first night he called. He wouldn't to-night, of course; she half wished he would, though she knew she should blush more deeply than before. No, Ben was probably about her size. It would be a miserable, grovelling life with him, but it was all she was fitted for. Some girl with a soul as big as his own would capture Elihu.

When he rose to go he did hold out his hand again, and he did press hers again: and when she blushed furiously and sought to withdraw it he still held on to it, looking straight in her eyes that could not meet his. When she looked up he dropped her hand and held out his arms. She hid her face in his shoulder. "I couldn't help it, could I?" she sobbed.

VIII

The next evening was board meeting, and the teachers were to be elected for the coming year. When Ben got back from Ipswich he called on Col. Manning, thinking that as usual the Colonel would want to talk over the appointments. But Col. Manning did not allude to the election, and Ben was too proud to run the risk of seeming to offer advice unless it was asked. As the afternoon passed he wondered that he

was not as usual invited to the board meeting: he even staid at home till nine o'clock so that if a messenger was sent for him he would be sure to be within call. No word came, and he took it for granted all the teachers were to be re-elected: still he thought he might have been consulted as to whether the salaries of any ought to be raised.

When the clock struck nine he felt free to call on Agatha. He had been uncomfortable since yesterday afternoon. She ought to have been more painstaking when she knew she was making entries in a permanent record which he had never before trusted to other hands, and she had evidently been on the point of answering back sharply. How unlike her that seemed. But he had doubtless spoken impatiently himself, and he wanted to apologize and

get back to the restful feeling of perfect trust. Things had not gone well lately. He had felt the school slipping away from him. He had not been up to his usual standard. Probably he ought not to have worked last vacation, but it was partly to lay aside money for the vacation to come, when Agatha was to be his companion. To think of her being his, his to be with every hour of the day. The thought of annoyances vanished as he reflected on this blessing just coming within his grasp. There had never been another woman like Agatha. How fortunate that to her he was the one man in all the world.

But when he met her she refused his proffered kiss. "No, Ben," she said sadly, "that can never be again. You must release me from my engagement."

"Nonsense, Agatha," he exclaimed,

smiling indulgently. "I was cross and rude and bearish yesterday, but I was tired and not myself. I apologize." And he held out his arms again.

"No, Ben," she said, "it wasn't that. I did my work carelessly and you were right to reprove me. I am an employe of the board, and it is your place to see that I do my work well. No, this goes deeper than that. I find that I have mistaken my feelings. I could not be happy with you. I do not love you."

If he had been normally master of himself perhaps Ben would not have let his pride master him, but everything had gone against him lately and this seemed the last straw. "Of course if you are sure of that," he said, "there is no need of further words;" and he rose to go.

Just then the bell rang and Elihu came

in. "I thought I should find you here," he said, "and I have a message for you from the board."

"A message from the board, through you?" Ben asked wondering.

"Yes, the board asked me to meet with them to-night to talk over the teachers for next year. They were good enough to elect me principal, but I insisted that they should make you vice-principal in my place, at the same salary I am receiving, and the vote was unanimous. So they asked me to let you know at once, because if you decline I am authorized to hire a woman to fill the place."

In the mood Ben was in this news was welcome: it made the situation complete.

"You may look about for your woman teacher," he said; "I shall not remain here."

They walked out together. "It looks a

little shabby to supplant you this way," Elihu remarked as they started down the street. "But it is really a great chance for me, and you with your fine record can get a place almost anywhere."

"O pray don't mind me in the least," replied Ben; adding with sincerity, "I hope you will make an admirable principal."

"I don't feel quite right about that hundred dollars, either, Ben. Of course I could not save much out of my eighty dollars a month this term, but I could probably pay you out of my eighteen hundred next year, if it were not that I am about to marry."

"You marry again? Why, what are you going to live on?"

"My salary, of course. And then the girl has quite a bit of money of her own."

"Who is she?"

"Agatha Wallace."

"I hope you will be happy together," said Ben grimly. "Good night." And he turned sharply on his heel.

The final month was a hard one for him, but he gritted his teeth, did every duty faithfully to the last, introduced his successor at the close of commencement exercises, and then went straight to the train, to which all his baggage had already been sent, and without telling anybody his purpose or saying a good-bye he sailed the next day for a year in Germany.

"Well, anyway he left me a snug nest," Elihu reflected, as his wife transferred her bank account to him, so that they might not be pinched for money during the honeymoon.

A Life for a Life

A LIFE FOR A LIFE

I

Miss Brigham opened the schoolhouse that morning. She had spent the night with the janitor's wife, who was dangerously ill. A trained nurse was really needed, but the janitor could not afford to pay twenty-five dollars a week, and Miss Brigham, though she lacked the skill, made up for it by willingness and sympathy and good sense. The janitor had been up all night and when he spoke of going to the schoolhouse he seemed so exhausted that Miss Brigham offered to sweep up the school for him: she had been up all night too, but women endure better than men.

So she picked up what breakfast she could for herself. There wasn't much: only rather heavy bread, a few crackers, part of a can of salmon. She would have been willing to go out and buy some coffee herself, but that would have seemed a reflection on his larder, and there wasn't time for it anyway. She would have liked some milk, but only a pint had been left at the door, and the sick woman might need that. So her hunger was only meagerly stayed, but she was a cheerful body, and she unlocked the schoolhouse door blithely.

It was not a new thing for her to help in janitor work. Mr. Chesney found his work, like everything in life, rather too much for him, and she had not seldom helped him to sweep and wash the woodwork. She began this morning on the

lower floor, sprinkling the cedarwax with enjoyment of its pungent odor, and rejoicing that the day of feather dusters was over. Then she swept the main stairs more carefully, and began on the upper hall.

As she came to the principal's room she went in, thinking to sweep that too. As the door opened she saw him sitting at his table, just as he was sitting when she left him the afternoon before. She was surprised to find him there so early, and was about to apologize and close the door, when she observed that he did not lean back from the position in which he was bending over the desk. She entered the room and as she came nearer she saw that his eyes were glassy. Glancing up she saw a knife plunged into his back

between his shoulders. He had been murdered.

II

If anybody had asked her what she would do under such circumstances she would have replied that she would scream and faint. She did neither. She first hastened to see if there was possibility of resuscitation. She put her hand upon his forehead; it was cold. She felt his pulse; it was still. She took from the bag on her belt a little mirror and held it to his lips; there was no moisture. He was dead; hopelessly dead.

Afterward she remembered that more than the horror of the situation she felt grief at the cutting off of this young life, so promising, so hopeful, so true to growing ideals. Her mind went back to the Buffalo exposition and to the group of

Death and the Sculptor. This death was as pitiful as that.

But with Miss Brigham feelings were away in the background when there was something to be done. Manifestly the first thing was to telephone to the president of the board, and at his suggestion while he was hurriyng to the schoolhouse she telephoned to the coroner. While she awaited their coming she took up a writing-pad and noted carefully every circumstance that might aid in detecting the murderer, the exact minute she entered the room, the position of the body, the fact that there was no single indication of disturbance; that one might have thought he was asleep when it happened, and the knife had been driven in by a vengeful angel.

The two men came together, and they

sought for traces of the murderer. There were only two keys to the front door of the schoolhouse. One of them the janitor had given to Miss Brigham; the other was kept by the principal and was found in his pocket. The front door was locked when Miss Brigham came and it was not a spring lock: the murderer could not have escaped that way. There was a rear door, but it was bolted on the inside and was found bolted when they looked. Every window in the building was held down on the inside by a catch. It seemed impossible that the assassin could have escaped from the schoolhouse; they almost expected as they searched the building to find him lurking somewhere. But there was no trace of him or of his having been there.

III

The president of the board telephoned to his wife to go to the janitor's and care for the sick woman while she sent him to the building. She had not told him why he was summoned, and when he learned what had happened his grief was pitiful. "He was everybody's friend," the janitor said; "this school will never get another like him. He never talked down to me; he always said, 'Would you mind doing so and so?', just as if he hadn't a right to command me."

It seems he and Miss Brigham had left the schoolhouse together about half-past four, and gone directly to his home, Miss Brigham having already been nursing his wife more or less for a week. At that time he had seen the principal sitting in his office, and just as he came away he

had noticed that the principal had taken up some proof sheets of the new catalogue to correct. On examination it appeared that this proof had all been corrected, a matter of an hour's work, which seemed to indicate half past five as about the time of the murder. He had been in the habit of working late at the office, sometimes all night, so his absence had not been especially noted at his boarding place. It happened that Miss Brigham also had seen him in his room just before she came away.

His purse was in his pocket. "The motive could not have been robbery," the coroner said.

"I am not so sure of that," interrupted Miss Brigham. "He always carried five twenty-dollar bills in the left-hand upper pocket of his waistcoat."

"I never knew that," said the janitor, surprised.

"There was no reason why you should. I happened to know only because once when we failed to get our usual fourth-Friday pay and I was disturbed at being unable to go home over Sunday, he took out the neat little leather receptacle in which he carried them, and told me that he once missed a great opening by not having ready money in his pocket, and that he then decided never to lose another such chance. He added in his kind way as he loaned me one of the bills that the opportunity to do little favors like that came often enough to more than make up the interest."

"I should have thought he would be afraid of being robbed if he was known always to have a hundred dollras on his

person," suggested the president of the board.

"No: in the first place very few knew it and only those he had occasion to oblige; and in the second place he kept a record of the numbers of the bills, so that it would not be safe to steal them and pass them."

"Where did he keep this record?" asked the coroner.

"On the inside cover of the library purchase record. Here it is: D5148973, C8763258, B87925436, A2376849, B7689234. That last is crossed out: it is probably the one he lent to me, and this next, C23698423, is probably the one I paid him back."

There was certainly no such package of bills about the dead teacher's person, so this was valuable information. The numbers were sent to neighboring banks

and printed in advertisements. But nothing resulted: no such bills were offered to any one who had seen the advertisement and heeded it.

An inquest was held, but the only possible verdict was that the deceased came to his death by person or persons unknown. The board of education sent to a famous detective bureau, and a pretentious man came to search for traces. When he heard that all the doors and windows were fastened he led the way to the cellar and pointed out the fresh air box of the furnace as the way the murderer escaped. It was closed at the outer end by wire netting, but the netting was somewhat loose, and though it seemed incredible he declared that the villain had crawled out that way. But he got no clue to the

scoundrel, and the murder remained an unsolved mystery.

IV

Perhaps it was partly the shock of the event that turned the scales against the janitor's wife. At any rate she died, and he was plunged into deeper than his usual depression. Miss Brigham did all she could to cheer him up, and indeed seemed about all in life that was bright to him. Within a year she had gradually become conscious that his feeling toward her was more than gratitude. At first it seemed funny, and she joked herself about it; but presently she began to recognize it as devotion, and it became a serious matter. In all her life Miss Brigham had never before been a selected one. She was born along in the middle of a large family of

children where one of two more or less made little difference, and all her life as girl, as woman, as teacher in a big school, she had felt the same lack of an individual recognition. This man was a janitor, an uneducated, inefficient, shiftless sort of man, but it was something to have even him look upon her as the one woman in the world.

Besides, it gave her the opportunity of marriage and of children. She had long ago given up all hope of being a mother. Often and often as she pressed some sorrowing little pupil to her breast she reflected longingly on the joy it must be to have the right to do that any time and to have the child your own. That joy might come to her now. No matter if the janitor was rather a weakling: she was strong enough for two and would

enjoy sustaining and directing him. Poor fellow, life had gone hard enough with him so far: it would be a purpose in life to give him some happiness, based on juster views and higher ideals.

So when the janitor plucked up courage to ask her she did not hesitate. She gave herself to him willingly and joyfully, determined above all things that he should never repent it.

V

She had assumed that he would want her to resign her place in school and give all her time to making his home pleasant. His salary was a thousand dollars, and on the scale he was accustomed to live that would make his life very comfortable. But when she spoke of it he expressed so pronounced a wish that she should

continue to teach that she gave up all thought of resigning.

She was more surprised when she brought home her first monthly check after their marriage to have him suggest that he let her deposit it to his own account, so as to make it seem more imposing to the bank. When she asked if they should both check against this account he replied that it would be better for her to tell him when she wanted to draw money and he would give her his own check. She was astonished when after rather grudgingly giving her several checks, way within the amount she had deposited, he one day flatly refused a check she asked for, telling her it was extravagance. It seemed so sordid and contemptible that she would not argue with him. Thereafter her pay was wholly his.

When what had seemed her only remaining hope and solace seemed likely to come true and when she told him her expectation she thought surely he would show possibilities of a loving father. He scowled and asked the probable date.

"Early in July, if all goes well," she replied, her heart sinking.

"Then you can teach through the year all right," he said relieved, and he did not refer to it again.

She was too proud to protest and she taught till the term ended, enduring tortures to conceal her condition and tortures because she could not conceal it. The babe was born July 14. "All right; you will be able to go into school in September," he said: and once more she was too proud to protest. A child was hired to take care of the infant during school hours,

she drew sixty dollars a month, and she handed it to her husband.

Long before this, of course, illusion had departed. She knew that she was married to a vulgar, greedy boor, and her one dread was to see the father's traits developing in her child. She and her husband had grown to live entirely apart. She was to him merely a housekeeper who worked without pay, and a laborer rented out to the school board. Yet she never thought of leaving him. She had taken him for better or for worse. He had turned out to be worse, but she had taken him, and what God hath joined let no man put asunder. As for the child, all that was in her became absorbed in its tiny life.

VI

One Sunday afternoon the next spring she had started out to make a call when she remembered that she had left on the kitchen table a letter she had written and meant to post. The doors were open and her husband did not hear her light footstep. His back was toward her and he was holding the letter in the steam of the tea-kettle, unsealing it. She waited to see him open the flap and take out the letter to read it, and then she noiselessly fled, still unseen and unheard, afraid to have him turn and know that she had discovered so shameful a thing.

For in the three years they had lived together she had never thought of him as dishonest. Selfish he was, narrow and greedy, but she had never suspected him of lying or of any furtive vice. So the

discovery came to her as a shock. Instead of going to her friend's she wandered off to a piece of woods and hid herself in the midst of them and thought and thought and thought. The discovery threw a new light on all that she knew of her husband: it brought into prominence many incidents that she had dismissed from consideration as incomprehensible. What she had reckoned due to his ignorance was revealed as shrewd design. The very fact that he had concealed from her so long his habit of concealing showed that she had underrated his intellectual acumen. He was not the weakling he seemed: he chose to appear so to make things easier for him. How true it was that every depth had a subcellar. She had thought nothing could be more humiliating than to have shown such lack of judgment in

accepting a husband, but to find herself deliberately tricked from the beginning and through all these weary months was more disgraceful still. She would be on her guard now. And she in turn would trick him, for he should not know she suspected him.

VII

A week later news came from her home that her mother was ailing and longed to see her over Sunday. She was reluctant to ask her husband for permission and money to go, but he surprised her by cheerful willingness. He even bought the ticket for her, and instead of doling out the exact fare back he gave her half a dozen times as much as she would need and told her she could bring back what she did not use. Except for the incident

of the letter she would have hoped she saw in this a new spirit, but that made her wary, so she simply thanked him.

On the train she kept thinking it over. To give her twenty-two dollars when the fare back was only three: how could he have let nineteen dollars go out of his sight over Sunday?

She took the money out of her pocket and looked at it. A twenty and two ones: yes, it was all there; how comfortable it seemed to have a little more than one's immediate needs. What a pretty thing a fresh bright twenty-dollar bill was, and how much it represented. Suddenly the number caught her eye, and she came near screaming: it was one of the five numbers in the library purchase record, C23698423, the very bill she had paid back to the principal.

She could hardly believe her eyes. So at last there was a clue to the murderer. Her husband would remember who paid it to him; that man would remember where he got it, for twenty-dollar bills are scarce in small towns, and eventually it would be traced back to the assassin. Perhaps it was some one in the town, who had concealed the money all this time, waiting till remembrance should blow over. She wondered who could have done it. There was a drunken loafer named Dougherty who had a boy in Miss Lotrace's room, and whom the dead principal had once found in the hall talking insultingly to the teacher. The principal had grabbed him by the collar and flung him in a heap down the steps. As he got up rubbing his knees and shambled off

he had threatened bodily damage: could he possibly have executed it?

O no, that was absurd; the fellow was good-natured enough when he was sober; besides he wasn't bright enought to execute a deed like that. Even if he had been, how could he have got into the schoolhouse and out again with all the doors locked. In fact how could any body —

And then her heart stopped short. There was one person who could have done it; since her discovery of the letter she had no bounds to put upon his possibilities of crime.

Grief-stricken as he had appeared that fatal morning, she remembered that afterward he had referred to the dead schoolmaster with less and less concealed contempt; she could see now with a certain exultation. He had been free from sus-

picion because he and she had come away from the schoolhouse together, and had together cared for the sick woman all night. The knife with which the principal had been stabbed had been a paper cutter forged of a single piece of steel, given to some members of the National education association at Boston by a Pittsburg firm and that always lay on his desk. Shocking as was the thought, it was not impossible that just before he came down to walk home with her he had seized that knife and plunged it into the principal's back; all that long night when they were counselling together over what should be done to save the sick woman, he might have been thinking of that body bent over the table with the paper-knife reaching through into the heart.

It was a horrible suspicion: it drove

her almost frantic; yet the more she reflected the more circumstances grouped to confirm it.

Fortunately she was relieved of the degradation of detective work. There were four more bills; if, as seemed probable, he had kept them back till it began to seem safe to use them, and then as usual had resolved to make her his catspaw to run all the risk there was, he would if she brought home the change from this be likely through her to break the others one by one; each additional one would be confirmation: the five would be certainty.

He had long ago worried and teased her into turning over to him her small savings in the bank where the school was, but she had two hundred dollars in a trust company at her own home of which he was unaware. On Saturday she drew

a hundred dollars of this, exchanging the fateful twenty for as much in other bills and keeping it hidden with a view to the future. And it all turned out as she expected. When she gave him back his nineteen dollars he seemed elated, and in the course of three months he made excuses to send her on errands to four different places, each time with a twenty-dollar bill to change; each time the twenty was one of the marked five.

VIII

When the five bills were all in her possession she lifted a brick she had already loosened in the chimney hearth, buried them deep beneath it, replaced the brick with mortar so skilfully one would never guess it had been disturbed, and then reflected. What ought she to do?

He was a murderer, but must she denounce him? He was her husband: that was no longer a matter of consequence. Her life had proved such a pitiful failure that she was embarking all her hopes upon that other frail little creature. For the babe had not thrived. It had had insufficient care before and after birth, it had been meagerly fed, had lacked so much that even the children of poverty find about them in these days. But the feebler the child the more of her went out to it, till all her thoughts were of its future.

No, it could not be her duty to pile upon the heaped-up misfortunes of this pitiful little being the disgrace of being the daughter of an executed criminal. As it failed to grow in strength her husband had grown more and more intolerant of it. "He is more interested than he knows in

the health of that child," her mother said to herself, grimly.

IX

When scarlet fever came, the mother was glad that the health laws prevented the necessity of her discussing with her husband whether she should stay out of school to nurse it. The husband fumed helplessly as he confronted a loss of ninety dollars in wages, besides the doctor's bills and a young nurse. At the crisis though he was nominally excluded from the house he was shambling about when he heard the doctor say: "It is a very close call for her life. I hope she will pull through; to-night will tell. But I fear either deafness or blindness or both." The husband hurried out of doors so that his stamping to vent his fury might not be heard. "A

girl brat, and blind and deaf," he exclaimed, swinging his arms furiously: "it would drive a prince to poverty." Then he reflected, and stole into the house. The mother was gone for the prescription and the child was sleeping in the girl-nurse's arms. "Let me take her a while: you must be tired of holding her," the father said.

The girl looked up astonished and distrustful. "I don't think Mrs. Chesney would like that, sir," she said.

"Is that your brat or mine?" asked the father roughly, seizing the child by main force. "What it wants is fresh air; it is too blamed close in this heated room."

Without additional covering he took the child to a window he had opened in another room, where the cold north wind was blowing in. "There," he said, "that

will do her good:" and he tossed the child back into its nurse's arms.

When the mother came back she saw the change instantly, and the nurse explained it. The mother lost no time in accusation, but sent the girl post-haste for the doctor again, and bent over the child with every muscle and nerve and feeling tense,

"As we had lent her half our life to eke her living out."

She watched till the last flicker of breath departed and the film dropped down over the hapless little eyelids. Then without a tear she laid the child out for burial, made arrangements for the funeral, and walked with her husband to the grave and back: for he had said it was silly to hire carriages for half a dozen blocks, and

those who didn't care enough to walk could stay at home.

X

On the way back he had reckoned up bitterly how much the child had cost, so much for doctors, so much for medicines, so much for nurse, so much for clothes and food, so much for mother's time lost out of school, so much for the grave, and digging it: and still she made no reply. But when they reached the house and were alone and he exulted, "Well, anyhow it's over with, and a good riddance," she looked him straight in the eye. "I am going to have you electrocuted for this," she said.

He laughed, but rather uneasily. Of course they couldn't electrocute a father for giving his child fresh air. To prove

murder you must show motive and purpose. It might be an error of judgment to take the child to an open window, but nobody could prove he meant it should be fatal. His wife might make a disagreeable fuss about it, but it couldn't amount to anything. Still, he didn't like her looks. These little women sometimes get terribly sot.

XI

His wife did not take off her things, but went by the next train to the county seat, sought out the district attorney, told her story, and handed him the five twenty-dollar bills.

"The trouble is," he remarked as he fingered the bills curiously, "the evidence is after all circumstantial and depends mainly on you. Now a wife cannot give evidence against her husband."

"I don't need to," she replied. "My husband is a coward. Arrest him suddenly, to-day if possible, make considerable display of authority, take him up to the room and make him sit in the chair where the principal was murdered, detail the circumstances of the deed, which cannot vary essentially from what I have told you, and then tell him that he took out of that waistcoat pocket that little leather case of bills, and that when he learned the numbers were kept he dared not pass them. Say that on April 12 he gave one of the bills marked C23698423 to me to spend at my home, a hundred and fifty miles away, and that I gave him back the change: *but that the bill came back;* and then show it to him and compare its number with that in the library purchase book. Tell him that on May 13

he gave me another of those bills marked A2376849 to use in buying supplies for him at Ipswich, and that I brought back the change, *but that the bill came back;* show that to him and compare it with the book. Go on so with the other three bills and before you are done he will be on his knees begging for mercy. It will seem to him like fate."

"And by Jove it will be like fate," remarked the jury-experienced lawyer admiringly: for he did not know a man in his profession whom he could have trusted to outline an attack like that.

The attack was successful. The district attorney and the sheriff went back on the same train with her, and by her direction found the janitor at the schoolhouse. When they showed their warrant and read some of its sonorous phrases,

it sounded to him like thunder out of a clear sky, for vengeance had been so long in abeyance that he had almost forgotten he was subject to it. He trembled as he sat in the chair, and shivered when the knife was displayed. But when one after another the bills were shown with the solemn iteration, "*but the bill came back*," he was full of superstitious fear, and before the fifth bill was shown he was grovelling at their feet, begging that the punishment should be only imprisonment. He made a detailed confession which he signed and swore to, and as they carried him to the train in handcuffs he begged to see his wife. This they refused. The district attorney, who was a well-read man, said that he remembered a certain Count Guido called in his extremity for Pompilia, but that she did not come.

There was considerable corroborative evidence, for the case had been well looked up at the time, and the moment the possibility was admissible that the janitor could be the murderer the rest was easy. At the trial the criminal made a pitiable exhibition of himself and the jury hesitated over their verdict only as long as decency required. The older lawyers remarked that the judge had never pronounced death sentence with less regret, and it was promptly executed.

XII

His wife never saw him after the walk home from the funeral. Even when she knew the sentence had been executed she felt sure she had done her plain duty. "There is no limit to the deeds that man might have done if he had continued to go

unpunished," she said to herself: and she was undoubtedly right.

He left considerable money in the bank, and his widow was his executor and sole heir. She sold everything he had ever owned or bought for her, and gave the entire estate to the Women's and Children's hospital at Ipswich, but anonymously, and secretly divided into three unequal portions so that its identity could not be traced.

Miss Brigham, for she had asked and been granted the privilege of resuming her maiden name, went back to school, at first seemingly broken down; but the relief from the oppression under which she had lived as his wife soon began to buoy her up, and the new love her child had kindled became distributed over her pupils. It soon became known not only in her

room but all over the building that Miss Brigham was the one to go to if you were in trouble: she would always listen and understand.

One day a father of one of her motherless girls came to her and said, "Miss Brigham, my Lois says nobody can comfort her like you. Now I want you to come to our home to comfort her as her mother, to comfort me as my wife."

She looked keenly at his strong, intellectual, generous countenance, and she said, "I believe that you would make any woman proud and happy and I thank you for honoring me. But I shall live the rest of my life alone."

He saw it was final. But she is a great blessing to that school.

A Rescue

A RESCUE

I

"Yes, Mrs. Eddy, it *is* a satisfaction. To have him elected vice-principal of my own school, at a salary greater than I ever got till I was forty years old and he right out of college, is the culmination of all my hopes.

"Yes, it has been a long pull. When his mother died he was eight years old. Up to that time he had had remarkable training, for there never lived a woman more thoroughly a lady to her finger tips than my wife. How she ever accepted me with my clumsiness is still a wonder to me, but we did have a happy home.

"When she left us I felt that John must continue to have as nearly as possible the nurture she had given him, and of course it was out of the question for me to undertake it. I had always thought there was much to be said for the English custom of sending boys away to the big schools even when there was a suitable home, and in John's case it seemed the one thing to do. So I visited the Groton school and the Hill school and St. Paul's and St. Mark's and Hotchkiss and Hackney and the rest of them, and finally selected Lawrenceville.

"It is a good school, and it did for him what I wanted. It accustomed him from the beginning to associate with boys from the best families and with high purposes. So he has grown up to assume that he belongs with the best people there are.

When I meet anybody I think, 'I wonder if he likes me?' John's attitude is, 'I wonder if I like him?' And it makes such a difference.

"Yes, indeed, he is a fine-looking fellow. How tall and straight and commanding he is. Yes, the athletic training was something, but after all I think it is the way he has grown up to associate with people. He is an aristocrat in the best sense: a leader because he is one of the best and is recognized as worthy to lead. Yes, that is what I have aimed at all through: I think his mother has been satisfied as she has seen him grow up. Do I believe she has seen him? Why, of course. Are they not ministering angels? My wife has been with me just as really since she died as while she lived,

and I never had a joy or a sorrow that I did not feel she shared.

"It will be almost like getting acquainted with John again to have him here. You see he has always had invitations for the vacations, and I have been glad to have him accept them. It is part of his education to be accustomed to the mode of living in these wealthy homes. Once or twice the invitation has been extended to me, but of course I never went. I should be puzzled to know which glass and which fork to use, and it would make me nervous to have a big butler standing behind my chair. But John is used to it: nothing can phase him.

"No, I haven't visited him in school much. You see the parents of these other boys come there in their automobiles, with their silks and satins and furs, and

it looks odd to see an old codger like me appear as a parent. Once when John was pretty sick I was sent for, and though everybody treated me with the utmost consideration and courtesy I could see that they wondered at me.

"Perhaps they wondered where I got the money to pay his bills. Well, it hasn't always been easy. I had quite a bit saved when he went away to school, and I have lately been able to spare a thousand a year out of my salary. Of course that didn't pay the bills at Princeton, and in junior year I once lost courage. But I happened to think of my life-insurance policies. I had carried them in the four big companies for five thousand dollars apiece ever since I married, and I found I could get a loan of nearly six thousand dollars on them. That carried

him through in fine shape, and I never had to let him know how hard it sometimes came.

"You see, when I was in college I paid my own way. I boarded myself part of the time, now and then on rather sparse material; and I was out teaching two terms, and couldn't go to class dinners and join clubs because I had to watch every penny. That way of course I lost a good deal of the special charm of college life, and I was determined John should have it all. So I gave him rather an exaggerated idea of the amount I had in the bank, and always forwarded a check promptly if he expressed any new need. No, he has never been extravagant, He has simply wanted to live as the other boys lived, and as I wanted him to do. I tell you, it is worth while, now that it

is over, to see what a man and gentleman he is. He can enter a palace unabashed, and be good company for a bishop.

"It is a great comfort for me to reflect what a future he has, for long ago I saw that I never should amount to anything. I don't know what has been the trouble with me: seems as though I had had some chances, but when they came I was not ready for them. Curious, isn't it: all your boyhood you dream of opportunities, and all your old age you wonder that when they came you didn't rise to them. O well, I suppose I ought to be grateful for the little I have grasped: it was more than could have been expected of me, seeing that I had so little to start with and so few to help me. But I am happy now in expecting John to accomplish all I have missed, and so much more that

was way beyond my possibilities. Yes, indeed, Mrs. Eddy, I am grateful and proud, and very, very happy."

II

"Father, how long have you boarded at this place?"

"Ever since your mother died, my son."

"And you still exist: what a magnificent stock of vitality you must have had to start with. This one week has pretty nearly knocked me out. Did you see how the landlady stared when I asked for a couple more eggs this morning?"

"To tell the truth, John, she isn't used to being asked for extra portions."

"No landlady ought to be; she should urge them on her guests. Do you remember how lovingly Thackeray speaks

of his hostess who didn't ask whether she should cut the ham but cut it?"

"Mrs. Eddy isn't a regular landlady, my son: she has kept me all these years more in friendship than as a business."

"You must have paid her some thousands for board."

"Yes, but that part has never been prominent. Every Saturday evening I have left my six dollars on the mantelpiece, and money has never been mentioned."

"But Mrs. Eddy hasn't left her six eggs on the breakfast table; think of offering grown men a boiled egg apiece. Why I need half a dozen myself, if there is no meat or fish."

"You must have retained your training table appetite, John."

"O no: what beef I ate at a meal at

the training table would cost more than Mrs. Eddy's butcher's bill for a month. Why, the football manager paid twenty dollars a week for every one of us, just for the plainest sort of grub, but those steaks came from choice cuts."

"Of course we can't live like that here, my son."

'No, but we can live very differently from this. Honestly, father, I could not exist a month on Mrs. Eddy's scanty meals, and you ought not to: you can't imagine how much more energy you would have if you had decent fodder."

"I should hardly want to change my boarding-place after so many years."

"You won't mind it after the ice is broken. I have been looking the matter up. I had to have extra meals any way, to keep from starving, so I have been

sampling. The Hollis House is the best place. The landlady there really enjoyed seeing me eat, and everything had a smack to it. She will take us to board and give us better rooms than we have here for twenty dollars a week, the two of us."

"But, my son, that is four dollars each a week more than we are paying, two hundred dollars a year apiece. I am afraid we can't afford it."

"I can't afford not to: I should not do myself or you justice as a teacher if I were not well fed. You have lived so long in this half-starved way that you don't know what it would be to have a sense of happy fullness within."

"My stomach has been contented."

"But not satisfied: and there is a big difference. Now, dad, I am going to the Hollis House: it is pure necessity.

But I can't leave you, not only because you ought to have good food yourself but because I want you right across the table from me at every meal. Now let me pay the difference in board. It is primarily for my comfort, and it will be a satisfaction after all the years I have lived on your bounty to be doing a little something for you out of my own salary."

"If you feel that you must go to the Hollis House, John, I will go with you, but of course at my own charge. It is worth more than the four dollars a week to have your face always across the tablecloth. You can't guess what it means to me, John."

III

"I shall have to go down to the city over Saturday, father: I must have a new spring suit."

"Our man Miller here is a pretty good tailor."

"I am afraid Miller would hardly do for me."

"He made this suit for me: what do you suppose it cost?"

"I couldn't guess, father."

"Thirty-six dollars: that is the most I ever paid for a suit. I am almost ashamed of my extravagance."

"Then you will be dismayed to know that I expect to pay a hundred and twenty-five."

"For a spring suit? That seems impossible."

"I didn't dare itemize on clothes when I was in college, but now that I pay for my own there is no reason you shouldn't know what they cost The fact is, father,

a man is judged very much by what he wears."

'He is judged by his linen and his shoes and his fingernails but I never thought the suit made so very much difference."

"It makes an enormous difference. While I am in New York I shall go up to the University club, and undoubtedly be invited to dinner at home by some one of the boys. The consciousness that my clothes are made by one of the best tailors on Fifth avenue is a great help to self-possession."

"Clothes do not make the man."

"But they make the man unconscious of himself. When a man knows he is fittingly attired he can lose all thought of his appearance, and throw himself at his best into the conversation. If he is

suspicious that his clothes are being remarked upon his nervous energy is dissipated in worry. The only safety is to get what few clothes one has from the best tailors: then one's mind is at rest."

"I thought men were judged in college for what they were themselves."

"They are. I had been lucky enough to be able to choose my companions, and so far as college life went I could have held them well enough. But when a fellow invites you home with him or to meet his sisters, he rather expects your clothes to be up to date, and I saw that if I was to stand a fair chance all around with the other fellows I must dress as they did."

"How did you go at it?"

"I asked the boys who seemed to me best dressed where they had their clothes made. We were all chummy about those

things, and I learned not only where to go but how much I should have to pay. I decided that Thatcher on Fifth avenue, near the Waldorf, was my man. He was a bit oldfashioned, but there was a style about his clothes that seemed to me what I wanted."

"When was this?"

"In the fall of sophomore year. I got one of the fellows to take me there and introduce me. Old Thatcher wasn't a bit eager to take me: said he had about all the customers he could look after, and so on; but I told him frankly just how I was situated and what I wanted and why I had come to him. He laughed a little, but he said I showed good sense: that the cost of clothes was not so much in what you paid for them as in what they were and how you wore them and

took care of them. 'If you brush your suit carefully when you take it off, no matter how tired you are,' he said, 'and keep it on forms whenever you are not wearing it, a suit I make you to-day will look well five years from to-day. You have your growth pretty nearly, and if you will take care of your clothes and send them to me every year to be freshened up, you can keep well dressed without startling extravagance.' "

"Did all the boys take care of their clothes like that?"

"I should say not; you ought to see them throw their clothes into a corner when they took them off. But then there were fellows who ordered three suits at a time of Thatcher and a dozen pairs of trousers. I have had altogether seven suits of him. They cost me, or

rather you, more than a thousand dollars, but every one of them is wearable to-day—this I have on is a junior suit: and my evening clothes and afternoon suit and golf suit look practically as fitting as if I had ordered them new this year."

"I supposed this was a new suit; you certainly look well in it: but then you would look well in anything."

"Father, if I had on your thirty-six dollar Miller suit and you were wearing a suit Thatcher made, you would be a much better looking man than I. Thatcher is a real artist. He studies his customers and experiments with them till he discovers their best points and how to bring them out. I told him once the story of the Frenchman who when complimented on a pair of boots declared, 'They were an inspiration!' He replied gravely that

the Frenchman did not exaggerate: that all really artistic work was an inspiration, and that he frequently felt that way when after discouraging trials he at last hit upon a suit that made a man look his best."

"I never observed that your bills for clothes were especially large."

"That was because I lumped them. You would have been scared to see an item of a hundred and twenty-five dollars for a coat and waistcoat, but that coat and waistcoat I am still wearing, and all these years I have had the consciousness of being thoroughly well dressed. I thought it all over carefully, father. It wasn't vanity that took me to Thatcher, but a conviction that to get just what you were sacrificing for me to get, that

was the wise thing to do. And after five years I am sure I was right."

III

"John, I hope you won't have trouble with Henry Ruger."

"He is a nasty little beggar. I have been thinking for some time I should have to bring matters to an issue with him."

"Don't do it, my son."

"Why not, father?"

"His father has always indulged him and will not permit him to be disciplined."

"What has he to do with the discipline of his son in school?"

"Nothing legally: everything in fact. He is president of the chief bank here, and most of the members of the board are borrowers there. He has only to say, 'I want this done or you must take

up your notes,' and he commands a majority."

"Has he ever exercised that power?"

"Twice since I have been here."

"Then we must let his boy's insolence go unpunished or lose our places?"

"That is the situation."

"Then the quicker the issue comes, the better."

"That is what the young man says, what I should have said at your age. But I am nearly fifty years old. If I lose this place I am not likely to find another. We cannot afford to get the ill will of Mr. Ruger."

"You astonish me, father. Isn't our first duty to the school, and can we perform that and let this little scamp strut around defiant of us?"

"Theoretically you are right; practi-

cally we have to be re-elected every year, and we must be prudent."

"Surely it is better not to be re-elected that to remain ingominiously."

"Suppose you tell me what I should do next year if I were not re-elected in May."

"Why, get some other place to teach."

"I couldn't do it, John. A man of my age who has a place may hope to keep it some years, but if he is out of a place it is hopeless for him to seek one: the cry is for young men."

"But, father, you are no ordinary teacher: they can't afford to let you go here."

"Let Thomas Ruger say the word and not three members of the nine would vote for me."

"And I, too, must govern my actions by the whims of this man Ruger?"

"Or lose your place, and perhaps mine."

"I am glad you did not say so this morning. It is curious you should speak of it to-night, for I had my tussle with young Ruger this afternoon."

"How did it happen?"

"He came to the desk and said surlily, 'Hand me that Bulfinch's Age of Fable'. It was the chance I had been looking for and I replied, 'Pupils here say please when they ask for things'. He answered insolently, 'I don't see any use in that', and then the fun began."

"What did you do?"

"I don't know exactly. I hadn't any plans and I haven't any definite recollections. I have a dim notion of a boy's feet and arms and head hurling around in the air rather wildly, and I know that it ended with my setting him down pretty

forcibly on his heels. He looked scared out of his wits, and said humbly, 'Please hand me Bulfinch's Age of Fable'. I don't think I shall have any more trouble with him."

"But what will his father do?"

"I doubt if he tells his father. I think there was a general feeling in the room, in which I am inclined to believe he shared, that he got just what was coming to him."

"I hope so, I hope so, John; but if Mr. Ruger is offended about it we are lost."

"Of course if you had warned me before, father, I should have obeyed your wishes, but my personal conviction is that I did the wise as well as the right thing."

"It can't be helped now, John, and we will hope for the best. But it was taking an awful risk."

IV

"Father, do you feel like having a serious talk with me: rather unpleasant, perhaps."

"Why, yes, my son; you can never speak your mind to me too freely."

"Well, father, you know I am an assistant teacher as well as your son, and as I am a discreet listener I hear a good deal of what the teachers say."

"And you have heard something disagreeable?"

"The teachers are not as loyal to you as they ought to be, father."

"I don't quite like that word loyal, John. I don't know why the teachers should be loyal to me. We teachers ought all to be loyal to the school and to our duties, but we are all employes to-

gether, and I have no right to expect special consideration."

"O father, I think you are wrong there. You are the captain of the ship. Your orders must be obeyed, unquestioningly and willingly, or we shall never reach port."

"As a rule they follow directions pretty well, John. What especial instance had you in mind?"

"You remember that at the last teachers meeting you spoke of concentrating upon the special work of the immediate lesson. For instance, you said, neatness is important and yet if it is made the end instead of a means the immediate purpose of the recitation is lost. Miss Reynolds makes a mistake there in her arithmetic work, you said. She has formed the habit of having every pupil enclose the solu-

tion of his problem in a rectangle geometrically perfect. The work looks neat, but the attention and the time of the pupils go mostly to those ruler-drawn rectangles, not to the arithmetic."

"I remember saying that. I should not have used Miss Reynolds's name in public had I not spoken to her of it several times in private without effect."

"There is just as little effect now. She sniffed, coming out, and said she should teach arithmetic in her own way in the future as she always had in the past."

"And I am afraid she will, John."

"But why do you permit it, father?"

"How can I help it, John?"

"If she won't follow instructions get her out of the school."

"How easy that sounds. But she was in school before I was, and she will be

here long after me. Two members of the board are relatives, she is one of the leading women in the Presbyterian church, and she knows every man and woman and boy and girl in town to bow to them, and does bow to them. How am I to get her out of the school?"

"Make an issue of it. You thought it was impossible to discipline young Ruger, and yet his father went out of his way to thank me for it, and the boy not only acts respectful but really is, so far as I can see. I don't believe anything is lost in this world by standing up for your rights."

"You had great luck in the Ruger case, John. I happen to know that the very day you thrashed the boy his father had discovered that his son had been deceiving him in an important matter, and he was glad

enough to have the lad punished by anybody for any offence. If it had happened the week before we might both of us have lost our places. Nothing can be less secure than a schoolmaster's tenure of office, especially when one arbitrary man has control of the board."

"Have you always felt this way about your authority, father?"

"No; I was going to speak of that. When I began teaching I had a high ideal: I tried to live up to it myself, and to see that my teachers lived up to it. But I lost two places, John; the last about the time you were born, and I realized what it would mean to be out of work. There were nights when I walked way off into the country, wondering what would happen if my search for another place continued to be unavailing; and when I was

elected here I resolved above all things to hold my place, that I might be sure to be able to take care of you."

"It must have come hard to you to put up with insubordination."

"It did, John. I have felt all the indignation you express, but I have got hardened to it, as your foot hardens to a new shoe. I don't want you to think I have lost my ideals: I still try to do the best I can with the material at my disposal under the circumstances in which I am placed. But I do feel that I must avoid enmity that might cost me my place, and be sagacious enough to have at least five votes when election comes. You think that is mercenary. My son, I hope you may never walk the streets as I have done, wondering how you are

to earn the money to pay your baby's nurse."

V

"Father, how could you let Mr. Costigan talk to you that way to-day?"

"Why, my son, Mr. Costigan is president of the board of education."

"I wouldn't care if he were president of the United States: he had no right to talk down to you like that."

"Mr. Costigan is not a polished man, John. He is forcible, sometimes violent, and he expresses himself more emphatically than he realizes."

"But what is his relation to you, that he should address you as an underling in his employ."

"In a way I suppose I am an underling in his employ."

"Not by a mighty sight: you are employed not by him but by the board of education, and not by the board of education for themselves but as representatives of the people. Individually Mr. Costigan has no more authority over you than your shoemaker has."

"Technically that is true; practically what Mr. Costigan recommends to the board is carried through, so when he commands me he only anticipates authority legally exercised."

"But he browbeat you; I had to dig my nails deep into my hand to keep from hitting him."

"I am glad you restrained yourself. If you had hit him my career as teacher would have ended on the spot."

"Has he always tyrannized over you like this?"

"I think his authority grows by what it feeds on. He is one of the little men to whom public authority means so much. It is a weakness of his that I smile at."

"Well, father, if he is going to behave like that again, don't let me be present, or I shall give him another kind of weakness for you to smile at."

VI

"Glad to see you back, John. Good time in New York over Sunday?"

"Fine, father; I enjoyed every minute of it."

"Well, John, you know the meeting of the board was Saturday night?"

"Yes."

"We were both re-elected, you at an advance of fifty dollars. What do you think of that?"

"I am glad to have my work approved, father."

"John, you can't know what this year has been to me. I have seen so little of you while you were at school and college that it has been like getting acquainted with you. And to find you so fully what I have hoped and prayed for all these years—well, John, tears come even into a man's eyes once in a while."

"It has been a delight to me too, father. I have learned to my astonishment and sometimes to my chagrin how great were the sacrifices you have made for me, but gratitude is not the chief element of my feeling toward you. I have enjoyed your companionship, every minute of it. It is delightful to grow older as you are growing older, ripening and sweetening as the years go by. Seems to me the

great criterion in this world is disposition. 'Mark me as one who loved his fellow man.' When that is every year more and more true life is bearing its richest fruit."

"You see the best side of me, John, for all that is good in me comes to the top with you. Since your mother died my life has been rather dreary, for we were so much to each other that her place has been vacant. But you have filled so much of it, my boy: I can't tell you what it has meant to me to find you so entirely what she would have wished you to be."

"You have given me every opportunity, father, not only generously but wisely. As I look back upon my education I could not have asked for any different environment had you been a millionaire.

You did too much for me, more than I should have permitted had I known the sacrifices you were making; but I tried to make the most of my opportunities, and I feel that every dollar brought something."

"I am sure of it, my son. You have a future: you will rise far higher as a teacher than I have."

VII

"I was going to speak of that, father. I came across this photograph the other day: is it a good one?"

"Yes, it was taken at the time I married, and your mother was pretty nearly satisfied with it, which is saying a good deal: she looked at me with such partial eyes."

"Then you must have been at twenty-three very much what I am now."

"Not so big and handsome and powerful as you, but like you: sometimes I am startled to find in you a movement or an utterance that reminds me so of what I used to be."

"You were as proud as I am?"

"Alas, yes."

"And as sensitive?"

"Yes, indeed, and not under equal self-control."

"But the years have subdued you. You submit now to injustice, even to insult. Must that be the effect of experience on me?"

"My boy, it is a hard lesson, but I fear you will have to learn it. When you marry, as of course you must to have your life at all complete, you will learn what it means to give hostages to fortune. You are proud; if work were offered you

that seemed ignominious you would refuse it, declaring you would starve first. Suppose you had a family, would you refuse it, declaring you would see your child starve first?"

"In justice to my child could I take work that was ignominious?"

"My boy, you have no conception what it means to have your next meal in doubt; much less what it means to have your child's next meal in doubt. You cannot conceive, for instance, having the desire to steal. But suppose your baby were absolutely starving and there was milk on your neighbor's doorstep that you could get only by stealing it, would you not take it?"

"That is a difficult problem, father. But surely such a condition is not likely to arise."

"Let me tell you something. You were born in May, in Leominster. That same week the president of the board there insisted that a girl in the senior class who could not pass her examinations and whose character was under suspicion should be graduated. I refused to consent, and maintained my refusal because my conscience would not permit me to sign her diploma. She was graduated; I was dropped. I had been dropped once before under similar circumstances. I could get no recommendation from either place. It was November before I got this school, and I had borrowed the last dollar I knew how to raise. Then I saw that the father must compromise, and since then I have compromised."

"More and more every year, I suppose."

"A man who compromises at all will

have to compromise more and more every year."

"Must all teachers compromise?"

"It is usually inevitable. While there are nine members on the board and any one of them may have a personal grievance unless his wishes are followed, no teacher is secure unless he learns to compromise."

VIII

"Well, father, I am not going to be a teacher."

"Why, John! When you are so well started?"

"I am glad to have had the year's experience and to have lived through it, but it is no work for men. I can see how you have had to compromise, but I don't mean to. You wouldn't have become a teacher if you had foreseen how it would

wear away your pride and your independence, would you, father?"

"No, I confess I shouldn't."

"I am going to profit by your experience. I mean to be at fifty just as proud, just as independent, just as uncompromising with injustice as I am now; so I am not going to teach school."

"But what will you do, John?"

"I went to New York by appointment. Will Blake was my best friend in college, as you know. He was on the whole the finest fellow in the class. He went into business: became an assistant to the American advertising manager of Lord Southcote's syndicate of English newspapers. Lord Southcote discovered that his manager, to whom he was paying five thousand dollars a year, was taking advertising for other English newspapers

on the side, to the neglect of his own, and he came over here. He had been favorably impressed by Will's work, and after he saw him and talked matters over with him, he made him manager. That left the assistant's place open and Will recommended me. I went down to m[illegible] Lord Southcote. We three took dinner at the University club last night and sat there till one o'clock. I am hired for five years at a rising salary averaging twenty-five hundred dollars, and five per cent on all new business I turn in, estimated at as much more."

"It hardly seems possible, John."

"I was incredulous myself. I reminded Lord Southcote that I was without experience in business, but he said it wasn't experience he wanted, it was the right kind of man. As you are my father, I

suppose I need not hesitate to repeat that he said he liked my appearance and manners, and that he felt from what Will had told him and from his talk with me that he could trust me absolutely."

"He was not mistaken there, John."

"No, father, I think I have always played fair, and I always mean to."

"Well, John, of course I am glad and proud for you, but I confess it is going to be a wrench to lose you again. I shall miss you more than if we had not enjoyed this delightful year together."

"There isn't going to be any missing, father. Do you think I want to give up the most congenial companion I have ever had? My story isn't finished yet.

"Lord Southcote has a suite of offices in the Barmouth building. Will and I each have our rooms with our stenogra-

phers, but the main room is in charge of a secretary, who receives callers, enters and looks after our contracts, sees that the advertisements are forwarded, checks them up when the newspapers come over, sends them to our customers, collects the bills, and keeps the accounts with the different newspapers over there. It is not difficult work, for he has our stenographers, but it requires absolute reponsibility. The man there now was mixed up with the ex-manager in his side commissions, so his place is vacant, and Lord Southcote and Will both asked if I knew a suitable person. It did not take me long to recommend you, and both of them agreed at once you were just the man. So you will begin July first, at the same salary you get here."

"And no more elections?"

"No more elections. You are firm in your place there as long as you want to work at all; much firmer than I am, with so much of experiment in my new career."

"So after having you for an assistant this year I become your assistant next year, John?"

"Not a bit of it father; we are all three on Lord Southcote's staff, and you report to him more directly than we do: in fact Will and I will take very good care to keep in your good graces, so as to hold our positions."

"You will probably tremble under my exactions, John. Is all this really true, my boy, or shall I wake up and find I have been dreaming?"

"There is a good pinch, father, to prove to you that your troubles are over. Mr. Costigan may bluster all he likes, and Mr.

Ruger may insist upon his demands, and Miss Reynolds may be as rebellious as ever, but it won't affect you. All the rest of your life you will have a man's work to do and you can do it in a man's way."

"And it comes through you. To think that you should be able to do at a stroke for me so much more than I have done all these years for you."

"You have done everything for me, father, and you can't believe how glad a thing it is for me to be able to do a little favor for you."

"It isn't a favor, John: it is a rescue."

The Telltale Photograph

THE TELLTALE PHOTOGRAPH

I

John Allen was in many respects the best principal Lunenburg had ever had. He was there by accident. He had come to the village to sell an expensive encyclopedia, and instead of bringing the usual letters of introduction to the leading men, and telling them it was their approval he wanted, not their subscription, and all the well-worn devices of the book-agent, he had spent two months there, getting acquainted, choosing his time, and making men feel the need of the book without forcing it unpleasantly. "I wonder if there is anything else you have thought of

that you would like to look up," he would say; and men got in the way of remembering what had occurred to them at the time they would like information about. He always brought the volume and showed them the article, so that people bought it because they thought it was worth while, and used it after they had it. It had been a month before he took his first order, but that customer was so well pleased that he became himself a sub-agent as he told his neighbors about the comfort it was to have a thesaurus of information, and Mr. Allen was making a fair income.

He had impressed himself on those he had met as a man of solid information and good judgment, so when the principal of the school had been killed in the railway accident just after school had opened, the president of the board of education asked

him, "Mr. Allen, couldn't you take that place?" "I should be glad to try," Mr. Allen had replied. A temporary certificate had been secured through the school commissioner, and he had begun the next day.

He was not a man to talk about himself. When asked if he were a college graduate he had replied that he had been obliged to depend largely upon self-study, and as to experience he said that he had taught, but so long ago it hardly counted. However, he was never found wanting, either as head of the school or in the class-room. He made his recitations especially interesting, not talking a great deal but getting the pupils to talk, and to think before they talked, and then supplementing their views by his own, which were recognized as clean-cut and vigorous and up to the minute. The only criticism upon him was that he

was so close a student as to be unsocial. He did not even go to church, and quietly but firmly refused all social invitations. "I have so much to do to get ready for my classes," he would say; adding perhaps that with Lunenburg boys the teacher had to get up early in the morning to hold his own with their inquiring minds. He was at the schoolhouse by eight o'clock, and seldom went away before six. The only exercise he took was long evening walks, always alone. It rested his eyes, he said.

II

Naturally he had suggested few changes in the school, and seemed to seek only to maintain the good condition that he generously recognized. But he had observed that the fourth grade room was not in as good condition as the others, and every

week he grew more and more disturbed about it. He made little suggestions that showed no result, and finally on the afternoon when school closed for Easter vacation he asked Miss Gibson to remain and talk things over.

She was not especially pleased to stay, and she shrank from what she felt would be a scolding. But she tried to conceal her resentment, and came up to Mr. Allen's desk. "I am ready," she said.

"Miss Gibson," he began, "I am troubled about your room."

"What is the matter with it?" she asked, not much as if she really cared to know.

"It is a dispiriting room. The children who were promoted to you in September, and who entered full of joy and enthusiasm, have lost their rebound. They endure what in the third grade they enjoyed. They

don't even play as if their souls were their own."

"Perhaps I tyrannize over them."

"No, it is not that; you are fair and just and try to do your duty. But some way you have the effect of the soft pedal: you deaden everything."

"If you tell me so much as that, you ought to go on and tell me how to help it."

"I wish I could; I have studied it a great deal. You have more beauty, better manners, a broader education, a nicer taste in dress than any other grade teacher here. Children appreciate all those things. Think what you could do for these youngsters of yours if you only enjoyed your work."

"Mr. Allen, do you think any teacher in the world ever enjoyed her work?"

"I can hardly conceive of any one's doing it unless she enjoyed it."

"Give me some other way to support myself and I would never see the inside of a schoolhouse again."

"Then you ought not to teach another day."

"I've got to live, haven't I?"

"I might reply, like Rothschild, that I don't see the necessity of it, but I won't be rude: in fact it wouldn't be true. You are right, you have got to live. But you haven't got to live by assuming to do what you don't enjoy and what you cannot do even fairly without enjoying."

"What else can I do?"

"Lots of things. You might better invent something new than keep on deadening these children."

"The world owes me a living, and this is the only way it has shown me to collect it."

"The world owes your forty children a

living, and you take it away from them for an entire year."

"I did not ask to be born, especially to be born a woman. I did not ask to be thrown on my own resources and have to earn my living when other girls have everything done for them."

"Suppose you reflect not on what the world owes you but what you owe the world. Think how many girls envy you what you have which they have not. How many cripples would wonder how you could be ungrateful with your perfect limbs and grace. How many deaf and blind and unbalanced would give everything to be complete like you. How many homely women sigh for your good looks, how many ill-bred women for your manners, how many untaught for your education, how many thousands and thousands for your untar-

nished good name. Few women have as much as you to be grateful for, and yet you complain."

"You should have been a clergyman instead of a teacher, Mr. Allen; you preach beautifully. But, really, ought you to keep me here after school to tell me what Dr. Spalding will tell everybody at church next Sunday?"

"Then you don't care to try to make that fourth grade happier?"

"No, the fourth grade worries me quite enough in school time. In vacation I shall think of other things. I suppose you won't try to turn me out?"

"I am not sure I shall be asked to remain myself next year."

"O they'll keep you. Suppose you do stay, are you going to ask them to drop me?"

"They may not consult me about hiring the other teachers."

"Suppose they do; suppose they ask you whether I ought to be kept?"

"If they ask me I shall say that I think the year in your room is worse than lost time."

"Thank you for being frank. Then we are enemies, and it is just as well to know it. How a big man does like to lord it over a little woman. Still, you remember the lion and the mouse; I am only a mouse but I have sharp teeth."

"The mouse was the lion's ally, Miss Gibson. I wish you could learn to be mine."

"Yes, by doing things your way instead of mine, which probably would mean that I couldn't do them at all. At least I have discipline in my room."

"No; discipline is controlling will: you take your children's wills away."

"Then I am utterly hopeless?"

"Unless you can repent."

"In sackcloth and ashes. Not just yet, Mr. Allen. And I am not so sure you can turn me out; I have been here some time. Be careful you don't give me a chance to criticise you as you are criticising me. A mouse can bite as well as cut a net. I shall be watching your conduct pretty closely. Good day."

III

Miss Gibson was thoroughly angry. She was not often stirred: she had got into the habit of regarding only comfort, like a cat, and usually nothing seemed enough worth while to get excited about. But Mr. Allen had touched her to the raw in several

places, and she recognized in his determination to be rid of her a finality the more hopeless because of its quietness. She hated him, and she was glad that for a few days she was going to get out of the same town with him.

For she went to spend her vacation in Iowa. She had told no one; she was as uncommunicative about herself as Mr. Allen; but an aunt out there, her only near relative, had invited her to come for Easter and had sent her money for the journey. Aunt Julia was a big, stalwart, energetic farmer's wife, up first in the morning, in bed last at night, and busiest all day, but always good natured and kindly and cheerful. Anne felt herself thawing out in the warmth of her aunt's geniality, and surprised herself first by beginning to assist and then by finding she enjoyed it. "Hon-

estly, Anne," her aunt declared, "I wish you would give up your school and come out here to live. It is awfully hard to get help of any kind, and impossible to get intelligent help like you. We will give you more than you can save after you pay your board in Lunenburg, and when you once get used to this free life you will wonder how you ever stayed cooped up in a schoolroom."

"She little knows how likely I am to accept that offer," Anne reflected. "If Mr. Allen turns me out, there is nothing else I can do but be a maid on a farm."

IV

The day before she was to return she called with her aunt on the minister's wife, and finding topics of conversation sparse picked up a basket of photographs and

looked them over idly. To her astonishment she found among them a picture of Mr. Allen, and on the back was an autograph that read Willard Todd, manifestly in the handwriting of Mr. Allen. In an instant her mind was alert, but she was too well skilled in taking care of herself to betray her agitation. She asked about three or four other pictures first, and then took this up in turn. As she looked at it the minister's wife asked, "Would you believe that that man is in state prison?"

"O no," Aunt Julia broke in, "he was released last summer."

"He was sentenced for ten years."

"Yes, but it was cut short for good behavior."

"He didn't come here."

"No, it was even kept out of the newspapers. He went east somewhere."

"Who was he?" asked Anne indifferently, but drinking in deep draughts of joy.

"The principal of the school here. He was found guilty of forgery. You wouldn't think it to look at his face, would you?"

"I don't know," Anne said carelessly; "he looks as if he might do things on the sly. When did all this happen?"

"In 1895: he was the first principal in the new building."

Anne put the picture down and changed the subject, but she had noted the photographer's name and number. She got clear of her Aunt Julia and procured a duplicate of the photograph. Then she visited the library and looked up a file of the village newspaper, and went to the newspaper office and gave the boy half a dollar to hunt up a certain number of 1895 for her. When she got to her room she

put the picture and the newspaper in her trunk and locked them up. "I don't think you will get me out of the Lunenburg school, Mr. Allen," she said to an imaginative figure, sweeping a low curtesy.

V

The journey out had been tedious, but she longed to get away from her aunt's and in the solitude of the train to plan uninterruptedly how to make the most of her revenge. She thought first of exposing Mr. Allen before the board of education or the teachers or both, but on reflection that seemed too sudden: there would be the shock and then a numbness: she wanted him to suffer longer. No, decidedly she would reveal her knowledge of his guilty secret when they were alone together. She would play with him as a cat plays with a

mouse. She would give little hints and seem unconscious of them. She would mention that she had been in Iowa during vacation, but in reply to his quick glance of inquiry seem unaware of any interest the fact could have for him. By the time that scare had worn off she would speak of Tontumwa. Then he would be scared again and look more intently: but again she would be demure. Sometime she would turn the conversation to crimes, and dwell on the particular heinousness of forgery, but when he searched her eyes for suspicion she would gaze back at him with the innocence of a child and talk of the weather. Finally some day before they re-engaged the teachers for next year she would suddenly call him Mr. Todd, as if accidentally, and beg his pardon for her carelessness; and when he demanded an explanation, as by

that time he must, ask him if his pupils would lose any less in the year they passed in the room of a condemned criminal than in hers, for she at least had kept out of jail.

Yes, she would devote the rest of the term to devising tortures for him. He should dread to meet her; he should be in constant terror: she would keep him worried close up to the point of resigning.

Or of suicide. Yes, there would be that danger, and she would rather not carry her revenge so far as that: she did not want his blood on her hands. She must watch for indications of that, and let up on her attacks when he seemed goaded beyond endurance.

It must be hard to bear the brand of a condemned criminal. She remembered how of all her blessings he had dwelt last on her untarnished good name. Think

how unbearable to meet people and know their first thought of him was that he had served years in prison. In fact, what could he do after she had exposed him? He had somehow kept the newspapers quiet when he came out of prison, but nothing could hold back the yellow journals when the principal of the Lunenburg high school was discovered to be a convicted criminal under an alias. O she would have rich revenge on the man who was going to turn her out of school.

The Tontumwa newspaper had a portrait of him engraved from the very photograph she kept wrapped up in it. She had heard that the big newspapers keep all portraits published in their exchanges laid away in cases of little drawers and numbered so that they can be instantly turned to if the person comes into the limelight

again. After he had been turned out of Lunenburg the Hearst journals in New York and Boston and Chicago and San Francisco would blazon his face in every village of the country, and when he appeared anywhere people would be expecting him and would ask, "And what is your name to be this time, Mr. Todd?" He had advised her to invent a way to live. He had better try inventing: it would require some ingenuity when she had finished with him.

VI

Undoubtedly he would still try to get another place to teach. Probably he really did enjoy the schoolroom, as he pretended to. Yes, she had seen his face light up when a boy said a bright thing or did a creditable action. There was a sort of

caress in his voice when he spoke to his pupils that they recognized and responded to. When Nelly Vogel had been so stupid in the arithmetic class, and had finally sobbed, "I really can't think, Miss Gibson: I haven't had any breakfast," Mr. Allen had happened to be about, and when the girl was sent to her seat in disgrace had asked to have her come to his office. It seems it wasn't to punish her. He chatted with her a little while till a boy got back with sandwiches and grapes and a pint of milk. She had heard Mr. Allen say he never enjoyed a dinner as much as he did seeing that child eat. Probably that was true: she could see how he might get a real pleasure from it; and of course it made the children worship him, for he was always finding out what children especially needed.

There were other hungers than those of

the stomach. On the first day of the new year, for instance, Lucy Stebbins had come up to her at noon and held out her tiny hand and said, "You are going to like me, aren't you, Miss Gibson?" She knew the poor little orphan had a hard time with her severe aunt and no doubt ought to have responded to the wistful appeal; but she was tired with arranging the new class and had not taken the little hand, only saying crossly, "Of course I shall like you if you behave yourself." Mr. Allen wouldn't have done that: he would probably have taken the child up in his arms and kissed her and always been careful to distinguish her by a special greeting. Then there was Mickey O'Hara, the red-headed, freckle-faced, snub-nosed little scamp who used to say such droll things that he kept the school in an uproar. She had quenched him by

never smiling and often reproving him, till now his replies were as conventionally stupid as little Becky Shotwell's. Why couldn't she have responded to his Irish humor and encouraged the school in a hearty laugh now and then? Her ideal had been quiet and system and discipline: but why? Mr. Allen was right: she deadened her room; she kept her foot always on the soft pedal. In fact that was why she had been so angry with him, because she knew in her heart he was right. She was ashamed of herself. The first thing she did after she unpacked her trunk would be to burn that photograph and that newspaper. Was it actually true that she might really enjoy teaching if she approached it differently? It hardly seemed possible: she had hated it so and supposed she always should hate it. But she could see how

different it would be if her spirit were like Mr. Allen's. May be he was right: she was half inclined to experiment.

VII

There was a chance to experiment on the train. Three or four seats ahead of her across the aisle was a woman with an infant and a little girl nine or ten years old, the age of her own children in school. Manifestly they had come a long way, and the journey had been a hard one: in the morning Miss Gibson had bemoaned her misfortune in happening to be located in a car with a squalling baby. But in the new light that was breaking over her she saw a wearied mother struggling with poverty, and without even food enough in her luncheon box to satisfy the little girl's hunger. She reflected that it might be a

nice thing to take that child out to dinner with her: she could try then whether like Mr. Allen she could enjoy seeing another eat better than eating herself. There was considerable inertia to overcome, but she remembered the card over Mr. Allen's desk with "Do it now" on it, and by a sudden effort of the will she rose and went forward and sat opposite the woman.

She chatted with her a little about the journey, showed interest in the infant, and put her arm around the little girl's waist as she said, "I have a whole room full of little girls of your age." The child responded affectionately on the instant, glad to have the tedium of travel relieved by a fresh voice and a kindly smile. So when the waiter came through the car with his "First call for dinner, service a la carte," Miss Gibson said to the mother, "I wonder

if you won't let your little girl go in to dinner with me. It is so lonely by one's self and the portions are always twice as large as I can eat."

"O mother!" cried the child eagerly.

"I am afraid she doesn't look well enough to go into the dining-car," queried the mother anxiously.

"O yes, she does," replied Miss Gibson, "I shall be proud of her."

It proved to be true. The child ate three-fourths of all that was brought, and as Miss Gibson saw her pass from ravenous hunger to satisfaction and contentment, she realized that it would have been better to go dinnerless to bed than to have missed it. The extra expense had not been much, so she could afford to take a pot of tea and a plate of strawberries back to the mother. As she handed them to her she said, "Now

let me take your baby a while. Nelly and I will go up to that section in front and give you a bit of rest."

The woman protested, but Miss Gibson, not without apprehension, insisted upon taking the infant, and was gratified to find it ready to come to her. They went forward, Nelly accompanying, and played together for half an hour, the baby crowing with delight. When they came back the mother said, "You don't know what you have done for me; I feel like a new woman. We are poor people and can't afford to travel, but my father is at the point of death and my husband insisted that I should see him again before he died. We had to scrape to get the money to come, and we shall have to economize for a long while after, but my husband is so generous he would not have it any other way."

Then she told about her struggles on their little Idaho farm, and as she talked her confidence grew, till Anne was surprised not only at the freedom with which the mother spoke of her experiences but at the human interest they had even for her, a stranger.

She had seen that the three had only a single berth, and as Nelly grew sleepy Miss Gibson said, "I am going to ask a great favor of you. It is so lonely all night in this big car, I wish you would let Nelly come and sleep in my berth." Again the mother protested, but Nelly was so eager and came so near detailing some of the discomforts of the night before that the mother consented. When they were stretched out side by side, Nelly's little hand confidently holding Miss Gibson's finger as she went to sleep, the teacher's

eyes filled with tears. "And all these years I might have had it," she sobbed to herself.

VIII

"May I walk home with you?" asked Mr. Allen after school the first day. He had not been in her room and could not know of her new purposes. She would say nothing of them: he must see for himself; so she assented without surprising him by being too willing.

"I have heen thinking about you, this vacation," he said. "I was unjust to you that last afternoon. In the old teaching when a boy did not learn his lessons in arithmetic or grammar, we called him bad and punished him. The new education sees only that his energy is misdirected, and tries to arouse an interest in something different, like manual training, for instance,

thereby creating an interest in the school that will extend to the grammar or the arithmetic.

"Now if that is sound pedagogy for pupils it must be sound pedagogy for teachers. You don't take exciting interest in reading and spelling and arithmetic, but you are an artist in flowers. I remember your geraniums. How you could make them grow as you did in that boarding-house of yours I don't see: evidently you love them.

"Now why not transfer some of this work to the school-room? I have secured an appropriation of ten dollars for flowers for your room. You shall pick them out and take care of them, and teach your children to care for them and love them as you do. You know nature study is just now the last word in education. You shall have nature study in your room. Besides the flowers

there, one afternoon every week you shall close school at two o'clock and take your children out into the fields and woods, and discover with them all the flowers and trees about here. Your children may make lists of them and write little stories about them, but above all they shall learn to see them and love them. Nobody else in school can do this work as you can. Will you undertake it?' "

He was doing all this for her. He should never know she had already repented, but he should believe his nature study had done it: it was his work, anyway. So she assented, taking care not to do so too cordially so that the change should be more manifest afterward; and she helped him plan the new course.

At noon the next day he came to her room and said to the class: "Now children,

you will meet for school this afternoon not here but at Mr. Marquisee's greenhouse. Do you all know where that is?"

They wondered, but they knew, and they were there. Mr. Marquisee was a florist because he loved flowers and he entered into the new project with enthusiasm. The children were told that each could pick out his own flower of all the multitudes in the greenhouse, and Mr. Marquisee led them through, describing lovingly the geraniums and the heliotropes and the mignonettes, and, best of all, the carnations, of which he had developed some remarkable varieties. He told how each plant must be cared for and showed which it would be wisest to take to a school-room, till the children, eager to pick out just the best one, grew to learn a great deal about hot-house flowers. The people of Lunenburg stared

to see Miss Gibson's pupils march two by two through the streets to the school-house, each carrying carefully a flower-pot, but the children were proud enough, and thereafter school had a new meaning for them. The janitor could not open the doors early enough for them to come in to water their little treasures, and each was proud not only of his own plant but of the school-room, adorned with the most delightful of embellishments. When Nelly Vogel's geranium died the child was broken-hearted but Mr. Allen had taken her in his lap and smoothed her hair and said, "Your name shows what you ought to have here," and he brought her a canary in a bright cage, that swung to and fro in the sunlight and filled the air with twittering. All the other scholars wished they were in Miss Gibson's room.

But when the next Tuesday, after the first two recitations, the children were marched out of school and went off with Miss Gibson to hunt for hepaticas, there was more envy. What a good time her children did have, and how much they learned about the sweet little harbingers of spring, and the dog root, and the violets, and presently the columbine and all the rest. They were not told what to see, but asked about what they did see, and Miss Gibson found it easy to give their observation the classifying habit of science. The next morning each was to bring to school his own written story of the afternoon, and as she looked them over, selecting some of the best to read before the school, Miss Gibson realized that the sketches revealed more of the writers than of the flowers.

IX

She was engaged upon a pile of these stories one day after school till she was the only one in the building, when she happened to see a man coming up the walk whose tallness and swing and store clothes and broad-brimmed soft hat made her think of Iowa. She believed that man was after Mr. Allen, and instantly her instinct of protection was aroused. So when he found his way to her room and asked where the principal was, she replied without looking up from her work that she could not tell.

"See here," urged the man in an authoritative tone, "I am the sheriff of Tontumwa county, Iowa, and when I ask where anybody is I expect to be informed."

It was as she had feared and her mind was alert.

"He may have gone down to the Edgerly woods," she said; "the school is making a herbarium of the plants there."

"Where are the Edgerly woods?"

"If you will turn to the left as you go out of the schoolhouse, and follow the road half a mile or so, you will come to a white house with two red barns. Turn to the right there and go a quarter of a mile or so and you will see the woods on the left."

The distances were twice what she had named, but she wanted him to be sure to go. When she saw him stalking down the road with his long strides she ran over to Mr. Allen's boarding-place, and without ringing the bell flew up the stairs and tapped at his door. When he appeared wonderingly she put her fingers to her lips and said in a whisper, "The sheriff of Tontumwa county is here, looking for you."

"What do you know of the sheriff of Tontumwa county?" he asked.

"I spent Easter vacation in Tontumwa."

"And you have known all this time?"

"Everything."

"And you have told no one?"

"I did not even let any one there see that I recognized your photograph."

He took both her hands and looked into her eyes so searchingly that she turned them away. "How little I have known you," he said: and he would not let her hands go, even when she tried to release them.

"But we need not be afraid to meet the sheriff of Tontumwa county," he said, coming back to the matter in hand. "I served the full sentence for the crime I was convicted of, and there isn't any other. Where is he?"

Miss Gibson told him. "You certainly are a loyal friend," he smiled, "but let us go to meet him."

"Us?"

"Yes, you especially. I want you with me."

They did not have to go far, for the sheriff had met a man who had come up the road and assured him Mr. Allen could not have gone to the woods since school. When the sheriff recognized Mr. Allen he took off his hat and stretched out his big paw. "Put it there, Willard Todd," he said, "Mr. Emery has confessed."

"And Mrs. Emery?" asked Mr. Allen anxiously.

"Had died the day before. That brought Mr. Emery around for a little. But he is hopeless with chloral, and he has been committed to an asylum. Young woman,"

the sheriff said, turning to Miss Gibson, "this man's name isn't Allen; it is Willard Todd, and he is free to take it back and may be proud of it. Miss, that man let himself be convicted and served a ten years sentence for a crime he never committed just to save the real criminal's wife, who had heart disease and whom he felt grateful to."

"That doesn't express it, Miss Gibson," said the principal, "she had been a mother to me."

"Well, I'm not here as sheriff, Willard Todd," continued the stranger; "I am here as president of the Tontumwa school board, and we want you back there. Tontumwa has grown since you went away, and we'll give you twice the salary you had seven years ago. There are two men on the board that used to be your scholars, and

they warned me that if I hadn't persuasion enough about me to induce you to come back, there'd be a new sheriff in Tontumwa county."

"Will there be a place for my wife?" asked the principal.

"Sho! You married to her?" asked the sheriff, taking off his hat and looking admiringly at Miss Gibson.

"No, but I expect to be then."

And he was.

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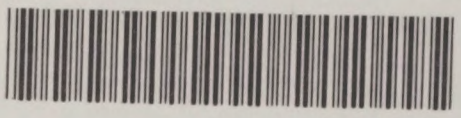

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